



No. 219.—Vol. XVII.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 7, 1897.

SIXPENCE.
By Post, 6d.



MR. CHARLES HAWTREY AS "CAPTAIN" JOCELYN IN "SAUCY SALLY," AT THE COMEDY.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS, UPPER BAKER STREET, N.W.

A T R A N D O M.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

"We'll d'en to 't like French faimcers, fly at anything we see."

Are middle-aged men ever sensitive on the subject of their years? I see it is stoutly denied that any man of forty-five could feel or talk like Sir George Lamorant, the Butterfly of Mr. Pinero's brilliant comedy. That some women should exclaim against the Princess Pannonia, who is forty or thereabouts, for taking her age so bitterly to heart, is quite in the natural order. Behind me on the first night of the St. James's play sat several ladies, not in their first youth, who openly declared that no woman ever approached her fortieth year with such acute distress. These censors had nothing to say against the lamentations of the baronet over his four decades and a half. Possibly they regarded his grief as natural to the horrid vanity of man when he has passed his meridian. But the other spectacle they could not abide. It seemed to strike them as treason to the cause of womanhood, though the traitress in this instance was the arbitrary creation of a masculine dramatist. The circumstance that, faithful to the equality of the sexes in this particular, he had put the Princess and her Butterfly into the same predicament, did not appease them at all. When the supremacy of man is ended, and all our plays are written by women, no doubt they will show us their triumphant sex indifferent to middle or any other age, and quite contemptuous of wrinkles.

But how is it with our Forty-fivers? Are they in revolt against Mr. Pinero's thesis? Will they make their forty-five as notable as the historic year of Jacobite rebellion? Will they flock to the theatre in King Street, and sit with folded arms and lowering brows while the Butterfly discourses in his half melancholy, half sardonic way on the flight of time? A little while ago one of our theatrical managers, on the first night of a new piece, offered to return the money of any playgoers who were dissatisfied with the entertainment. I would suggest to Mr. Alexander that he should give a special performance for the Forty-fivers—none to be admitted without the usual certificate of birth—and return the money of any gentleman whose indignation at Mr. Pinero's fantasy on middle-age has robbed him of legitimate enjoyment. What I want is to get these insurgent Forty-fivers into the open. Some of the wrathful incredulity exhibited on their account is, I suspect, the sentiment of Sixty. The authority of Sixty on this point is irrelevant, because it is fifteen years out of date. At that age a man has settled down to a useful or ornamental maturity; the skeleton of his youth is not clutching at his coat-tails; he has forgotten that painful interval when he was neither young nor old, or rather, when he still flattered himself with the susceptibilities of youth, and hesitated to put the real year of his birth in a biographical dictionary. It was the time when he wondered whether an inconsiderate host would have the indecency to allot to him some well-preserved woman as a partner at dinner, while the still youthful craving of his eye lingered fondly on the tresses of Amaryllis. Sixty has forgotten all about that, and ought to be hustled out of the witness-box.

Of course, here and there you find a Forty-fiver who is not stricken with this temperament. The good man eats his regular meals, and does not wonder why on earth the people who first divided years into weeks did not put thrice fifty-two into a twelvemonth. The world was so obtrusively young then that nobody thought of this agreeable device for cheating time. Had such a reckoning been adopted, the Forty-fiver would now be only Fifteen! Sweet are the illusions of judiciously applied arithmetic! As I have admitted, there may be middle-aged men who do not ruminate like this; but they have no imagination. They jest at scars who never felt a wound. Fantasy means no more to them than a sunset to the colour-blind. The Forty-fiver, with an imaginative brain, eternally weaving fanciful humours at his own expense, is a special product of this generation, this *fantasniöcle*. He is as much a fact of life as turtle is to the overfed alderman; and he supplements the interests of the average citizen with the perpetual comedy of his own feelings. Possibly he may not always like to see this private entertainment transferred to the stage. A Forty-fiver of this sensitive type may writhe in his stall at the St. James's when he beholds his antics held up to public merriment. They are his "treasures of the humble," best appreciated in the glow of strictly domestic footlights; but as it is the province of the comic dramatist to find out these little foibles, I hope the shy and shrinking Forty-fiver, who claims his money back from Mr. Alexander, will state his reasons with candour at the box-office.

Fortunately, if too much harassed by Mr. Pinero, he can take refuge in M. Maeterlinck, whose essays, "The Treasure of the Humble," have

been translated by Mr. Alfred Sutro, with a prelude by Mr. A. B. Walkley. Maeterlinck as a mystic, and "A. B. W." as his prophet, offer a sufficiently piquant conjunction. The mystical ideal of the theatre is that it should be shorn of words. An old man, seated at a table, contemplating his soul and destiny, ought to convey to the spectators far more delicate impressions than are furnished by the noisy drama of action. A middle-aged fantastic, gazing at a portrait of himself taken when he was five-and-twenty, ought to spread a soothing melancholy over the intelligent Forty-fivers in the stalls. Speech, according to Maeterlinck, is no medium of communication between soul and soul. Instead of unpacking your heart with words, you seal it up. Real affinities do not talk; they possess one another by a process which makes thought quite coarse by comparison, and electricity grossly material. You cannot feed capons so; but soul feeds soul on nothing more substantial than a hush. Maeterlinck explains all this in language which folds round you like wings; and even "A. B. W.," once the incarnation of mathematics, becomes a transfigured pinion. If the author of "The Princess and the Butterfly" could construct his plays on this principle, to what wordless heights might we not soar on the spreading plumes of Arthur Wing Pinionero!

Alas! mankind has been talking for ages, and it is difficult to break the habit. Personally, instead of writing this page, I would rather stand on a chair in the Strand for an hour or two every Wednesday, and impart "At Random" to the passers-by with the magic of my gaze. But it is the destiny of writers and readers to go on ploughing through heaps of words. Even woman, to whom M. Maeterlinck accords the highest intuition, must speak, sorely against her will, though there is a sufficiency of her in "a look, a kiss, and the certainty of a great invisible presence." Happily, it does not matter what she speaks about; it may be "of rain or jewels, of pins or feathers," of her "silver bangles, her pearl necklace, or her trinkets of glass." This choice of feminine themes is scarcely varied; and it may be objected by the captious that silver bangles are out of fashion, and that to describe certain ornaments as glass trinkets verges on brutality. But this is the penalty of words! True souls are inarticulate; it is when they descend to speech that they may be misunderstood. But, even with her mouth full of pins, woman means more to the adoring spirit at her side than if she were to spout for an hour on the franchise. That appears to be the theory of one of the most beautiful essays in a book full of strange, impalpable charm; but alack-a-day! men and women do not dwell yet in the mystical region of a divine muzzling order!

It is, of course, a well-established truth that in our social relations we influence one another far more by personal atmosphere than by any spoken thought. When Jowett said to the young man leaving Oxford, "Read the best poets, and keep up the habit of regular attendance at church," he must have put an exceedingly small part of his moral authority into that rather attenuated counsel. The young man probably dropped the poets, and found that attendance at church meant attendance on the limited intelligence of parsons who made no sort of appeal to him; but it is likely that the indefinable influence of Jowett remained "an invisible presence" in his mind. On the other hand, people whose presence is mere rhetoric, especially women who eternally rail, like Ouida and Mrs. Lynn Linton, have the atmosphere of a dust-storm. Here is Ouida harping again on the corruption of the aristocracy by plebeian dross. Whatever truth it may contain, the indictment defeats its object by damnable iteration through nearly six hundred pages. Anathema is a disease which withers soul, intellect, and art. You turn with relief to the optimism of Lady Jeune, who assures us that *débutantes* in ball-rooms hardly ever dream of marrying for money or position. The marriage market, you see, is the figment of conventional satire. There are no more ambitious mammas; and when innocent virgins wed titles or gold-mines it is nearly always because their young affections are honestly won. I remember an itinerant vocalist of uncertain aspirates, who used to sing—

I cannot give the 'and where the 'eart can never be!

It is comforting to learn, on Lady Jeune's authority, that this is still the watchword of marriageable daughters.

Very gratifying, too, is Sir Algernon West's tribute to the improvement of manners during her Majesty's glorious reign. Sir Algernon can remember the time when the brim of a man's hat rested on the back of his coat-collar, when every citizen drank his neighbour under the table, and when it was the height of indecorum to address a lady by her Christian name, even if she were your sister. Well, cigarettes after dinner have checked the excursions of the bottle, and Christian names are fresh and free, and not at all sisterly. Let us pity our ancestors!

BEAUTIES OF THE FRENCH STAGE.

Photographs by Reutlinger, Paris.



MDLLE. WANDA DE BONGZA.



MDLLE. SIZOS.



MDLLE. YVETTE GUILBERT.



MDLLE. LIANE DE VRIES.

A VETERAN JEHU.

Rest after toil is a blessing eagerly longed for by every busy working-man and woman, but the enforced cessation of daily tasks after a long and active life has its pathetic aspect. Mr. George Smith, an omnibus-driver who has just completed forty-seven years of active service on the box, is



MR. SMITH.

a case in point. He is one of the oldest omnibus-drivers in London, and certainly the senior in length of service, and is now forced into retirement by rheumatism and partial paralysis of his limbs. He began his life as a 'bus-driver in 1850, in the employment of Wilsons', of Holloway, a firm which for some time has ceased to exist. After leaving them, he drove one of the then-named "Marquis of Westminster" line, now called the "Monsters," the route of which was through the district now known as South Belgravia—then a succession of gravel-pits. Leaving the omnibus service for a few years, Mr. Smith drove the mails from Wellington to Bridgnorth for a time, and afterwards from Chester into Wales. In 1862 he came back to London, and drove a "John Bull" 'bus for the London General Omnibus Company for four years. His longest spell has been on the Victoria-Kilburn route, on which he has been employed for thirty years, leaving it only about two months ago, when his failing powers incapacitated him from longer holding the reins. A chat with Mr. Smith is full of interest, as he has been a keen observer of men and things, and could give to the world many a true story of romance and adventure had he the gift of writing his experiences.

He is very severe on the pirate-'buses, who, as he says, "start from where they please, stop where they like, and charge just what they feel inclined to." He also is (and rightly, too) severe on those who think nothing of pulling up a 'bus a few yards from the recognised stopping-places, thus causing much needless suffering and a cruel strain on the horses. His preference for the paving of the London streets is wood, and his aversion asphalt.

Mr. Smith comments on the long hours, which, during the last few years, have increased from twelve to fifteen and sixteen hours a-day, and which are a great tax on the endurance of the drivers. In spite of his infirmities, Mr. Smith has a cheery and kindly word to say on every passing topic; he is plump of form and rubicund of countenance, and is, in fact, a typical coachman of olden days. He and his wife are the living embodiments of the *Darby and Joan* of song and fiction, and curiously unlike an up-to-date married couple. Mrs. Smith is proud of her husband's long career of usefulness, and he of his comely and comfortable-looking wife, to whom he has been united for fifty-two years, but who, unfortunately, is now suffering from asthma and the east winds of March. She is seventy-seven years of age, and is the niece of a coachman of celebrity, old Robert Roberts, who drove the famous team of eight cream horses to and from three Coronation ceremonies—those of George IV., William IV., and her present Majesty. Roberts was also State Coachman to George III. during the latter part of his reign.

Now that Mr. Smith is laid aside from active life, a fund has been started for his benefit by Mr. Jack Rivers and other 'busmen and friends, by which they hope to secure to him a pound a-week for the rest of his life; and not him alone, but, beginning with their old friend, to found a fund for the relief of incapacitated 'bus-drivers over sixty years of age.

A concert for the benefit of Mr. Smith was recently given at Kilburn, which proved in every way a success, and the appeal made for him by Mr. Rivers has been generously responded to by Baron Rothschild and others, and there is every reason to hope that this interesting and deserving old couple will end their days in peace in their comfortable little home in Kilburn Square. Mr. J. Rivers, of 149, Belsize Road, N.W., who is secretary to the fund, will gladly receive donations from all who are willing to help in this work of truest charity.



MRS. SMITH.

ROUND THE THEATRES.

The Armenian opera, "The Yashmak," which was produced at the Shaftesbury Theatre on Wednesday, may be called the crown, if not quite the glory, of the "musical play" of the 'nineties. Its plot is a kind of summary of its predecessors; its performance shows how the stage can mimic the music-hall. One is disposed to look upon the series that began with "Morocco Bound" as on machine-made watches; the different works have interchangeable parts, and this is shown to the highest degree in "The Yashmak." Yet, let me hasten to say that, despite its excessive length—a fault which will quickly be cured—it is a good, if somewhat reactionary, specimen of its class. Many of the numbers are very pleasing, many of the performers excellent. Miss Aileen D'Orme, with a French accent in speaking English, and English in singing French, has a very pretty voice, and used it admirably in a delightful song. The attempt of Miss Kitty Loftus to combine what she has learnt in dumb-show with what she knew before results in an effective if rather too robust performance; one song she sang richly. Miss Mabel Love shows steady advance in her singing, with no loss of skill in dancing, so she charmed everyone. There is a curious grace in the agile dancing of Mr. Lionel Mackinder as well as point in his singing. Mr. George Humphrey was very funny, and John Le Hay, a little too strenuous, worked with much ability. Miss Edith Johnston looked very pretty, but did not get enough to do. What of book, music, and plot? The story tells of the abduction of two Christian—perhaps I should merely say Gaiety—girls and a Circassian, their temporary detention in a harem, and their simple rescue: very little attention was, or need be, paid to it. Messrs. Cecil Raleigh and Seymour Hicks have written some lively dialogue, with rather humble humours, and effective songs reckless in style. M. Napoleon Lambelet has shown some judgment in selection, skill in concoction, and freshness in invention; so his music serves, and some numbers will catch the town. There was, however, no need to go out of England for a composer of his calibre. Dresses gorgeous, girls pretty, scenery handsome, dances very cleverly arranged—what more is needed?



MISS EDITH JOHNSTON.

Photo by Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.

"His Majesty" has been pulled together a little at the Savoy, much to its advantage. It is worth seeing again if only for the appearance of Mr. H. A. Lytton, who has been taken from one of Mr. Carte's admirable provincial companies—of which Mr. Fred Billington was till recently a member—to fill Mr. Grossmith's place. Mr. Lytton is a delightful comedian, with a musical voice and a keen sense of refined humour. He does all that is possible with the part of the King of Vinolia. The opera would need reconstruction right along the line to be very effective. That is the authors' task, not the actors'.

The last nights of "The Daughters of Babylon" are announced. Meantime Messrs. W. and D. Downey have issued a beautiful souvenir of the play, with—what is rare in souvenirs—instructive letterpress.

It is not unlikely that "The Ballet-Girl," which is fully illustrated in the Supplement to the present issue, may be seen in town yet. At any rate, "The French Maid," which was produced at Bath by Mr. Milton Bode, will be seen at Terry's Theatre towards the end of the month. When the piece was put on at the Theatre Metropole at Camberwell, I went to see it, and found that Captain Basil Hood had written some jingles quite as smart as those he did for "Gentleman Joe." And these were smart, despite Mr. Zangwill.

Mr. Grossmith is going to give one of his sketches in front of "A Pierrot's Life."

The Strand reopens on Saturday week with "The Queen's Proctor." The popularity of the piece was by no means exhausted when the Bouchiers left, and it may do well at the Strand. Mr. Beirnam, who is taking the Strand, was formerly manager to Mr. Bouchier, and, on his own account, toured "The New Baby," which had not brought wealth to the Royalty. I believe the Bouchiers have no financial interest in the venture at the Strand. Playgoers will be glad to see Miss Violet Vanbrugh back again. She is in the best of health now.

BLISS, SANDS, AND CO.

S. R. CROCKETT'S NEW NOVEL, ENTITLED

LADS' LOVE,

AN IDYLL OF THE LAND OF HEATHER.

By S. R. CROCKETT, Author of "Bog-Myrtle and Pent," &c. Fully Illustrated by Warwick Goble, and with a Frontispiece Portrait of the Author by Frank Richards. Large crown 8vo, cloth, gilt top, price 6s.

PRESS NOTICES.*"It makes one young again to read such a story as this."*—BIRMINGHAM DAILY POST.*"Lads' Love is more original, more of a human document than any of its predecessors."*—BOOKMAN.**NEW SIX-SHILLING NOVELS.**

WALTER RAYMOND.

CHARITY CHANCE. A Novel by WALTER RAYMOND, Author of "Tryphena in Love." With a Frontispiece by T. H. Robinson. Price 6s.*"The story . . . is well and carefully told."*—ATHENÆUM.*"A charming novel, fresh and sweet as primroses, and with a light touch of humour running through it. . . . The story is written throughout in graceful and attractive style."*—PALL MALL GAZETTE.

ARABELLA KENEALY.

BELINDA'S BEAUX, and other Stories. By ARABELLA KENEALY, Author of "Dr. Janet of Harley Street," &c. Price 6s.*"Cleverly told tales."*—SCOTSMAN.

FREDERIC CARREL.

THE ADVENTURES OF JOHN JOHNS. A Novel by FREDERIC CARREL, Author of "The City." Price 6s.

OLIPHANT SMEATON.

OUR LADDIE. A Novel by OLIPHANT SMEATON. Fully Illustrated. Price 6s.*"Thoroughly good and genial."*—SCOTSMAN.*"Well worth reading for its simple human interest."*—DUNDEE ADVERTISER.

WILL BE READY TO-MORROW.

NEW NOVEL BY RICCARDO STEPHENS, Author of "The Cruciform Mark."

MR. PETERS. A Novel by RICCARDO STEPHENS, Author of "The Cruciform Mark," &c. Price 6s.

London: 12, Burleigh Street, Strand, W.C.

TO THE CONTINENT.

VIA QUEENBORO'-FLUSHING.

ROYAL DUTCH MAIL.*Great Saving in Time. Great Improvements in Service.*

The Magnificent new 21-KNOT PADDLE STEAMERS, built by the Fairfield Company, of Glasgow, are now running in this Service.

Most Perfect Route to Northern and Southern Germany.

BERLIN—LONDON in 20 hours - - - Arrival Berlin, 8.23 p.m.

LONDON—DRESDEN in 28 hours - - - Arrival Dresden, 12.41 a.m.

LONDON—BALE in 23 hours.

Time Tables and all Information Free on Application to the

ZEELAND STEAMSHIP COMPANY, AT FLUSHING,

OR AT 44A, FORE STREET, LONDON, E.C.

Where Circular Tickets may be obtained at Three Days' Notice.

MUDIE'S SELECT LIBRARY.

ALL THE BEST BOOKS OF

Travel, Sport, Adventure, &c.,

In English, French, German, Italian, and Spanish,

Are in CIRCULATION & for SALE (either New or Secondhand).

SUBSCRIPTIONS CAN BE ENTERED FROM ANY DATE.

Prospectuses of the Terms of Subscription in Town or Country and Lists of Books for Sale sent free by post to any address.

BOOKS EXPORTED TO ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD.

MUDIE'S SELECT LIBRARY, LIMITED,

30-34, NEW OXFORD STREET, LONDON; 241, Brompton Road, S.W.; and 48, Queen Victoria Street, E.C.; and at 10-12, Barton Arcade, Manchester.

"I should like to send you PICK-ME-UP every week. . . . It is a dreadfully amusing paper—never fails to make me almost yell."—MR. PINERO'S NEW PLAY: "THE PRINCESS AND THE BUTTERFLY."**NEW SERIES.****PICK-ME-UP.**

PRICE ONE PENNY.

Office: 148, STRAND, W.C.

MISS BRADDON'S NEW NOVEL.

In 1 vol., 6s.

UNDER LOVE'S RULE.

A Novel, by the Author of "Lady Audley's Secret," "Vixen," "London Pride," &c., &c.

London: SIMPKIN and CO., Ltd., and all Booksellers.

Seventh Edition, Revised. Cloth, 1s. 6d.; Paper, 1s.

THE DIETETIC CURE OF OBESITY (Foods for the Fat).

By N. E. YORKE DAVIES, L.R.Coll.Phys., Lond., &c.

CONTENTS: Part I.—What Constitutes Robust Health? Evils of Corpulency; the Cause of Weak Heart; Diet—A Safe and Permanent Cure; Quack Medicines or Drugs, permanently Injurious or Fatal in Food Required. Amount of Food; its Uses and ultimate Elimination; Fat, its use in the Body; Over-Eating, Evils of; Food in its Relation to Work; Exercise; Stimulants in Corpulency; Water, Aerated Drinks, &c. Part II. Dietetics of Obesity. OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.—"This work deserves careful study."—QUEEN. "The only safe and permanent cure of obesity."—WESTERN GAZETTE. "The best work on corpulency that has ever been written."—EVENING NEWS.

London: CHATTO and WINDUS, 111, St. Martin's Lane, W.C.

THE COMING EASTER HOLIDAYS.**BEXHILL-ON-SEA**

(Within Two Hours of London).

"THE MENTONE OF ENGLAND"—*vide* article by Dr. N. Yorke-Davies in the March Number of the "Gentleman's Magazine."**FREQUENT FAST TRAINS BY LONDON, BRIGHTON, AND SOUTH COAST RAILWAY,**

From Victoria—9.50, 10.15, 12, 1.30, 3.26, 4.30, 6.50, 8.50.

From London Bridge—6.30, 9.45, 12.5, 2.5, 4.5, 5.5, 7.0, 9.10.

BRACING AND INVIGORATING AIR**CHARMING WALKS, DRIVES, AND EXCURSIONS. EXCELLENT BATHING AND FISHING.****18-HOLE GOLF LINKS.**

Special Accommodation for Cycle's. Half-Mile Cycle Track

KURSAAL WITH READING AND WRITING ROOMS.**First Class Hotels—THE SACKVILLE & THE MARINE. Both Hotels on Sea Front.***Excellent Cuisine. All Modern Improvements. Unrivalled Supply of PUREST WATER***STREET DRAINAGE AND SANITARY ARRANGEMENTS ABSOLUTELY PERFECT.****Herr Wurm's World-renowned White Viennese Band** performs twice daily, either in Kursaal or sheltered enclosure.**MODERATE PRICES.**

N.B.—The Parade is entirely under the control and supervision of Earl De La Warr's Estate, and is therefore free from all seaside nuisances. Absolute Quietude is combined with High-Class Entertainments. Applications as to Building Sites, &c., should be addressed to the Estate Office.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.

TO-NIGHT and EVERY EVENING at 8.30,
UNDER THE RED ROBE.
MATINEES EVERY WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY at 2.30. HAYMARKET.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

MR. TREE begs to announce that he will OPEN this THEATRE on WEDNESDAY NIGHT, APRIL 23, when will be presented Mr. Gilbert Parker's Play, THE SEATS OF THE MIGHTY.
Box Office (Mr. F. J. Turner) Open Daily, 10 to 5. HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

EMPIRE THEATRE.—EVERY EVENING, THE NEW GRAND

BALLET, MONTE CRISTO, Great Success. LUMIERE'S CINEMATOGRAPHE.
GRAND VARIETY ENTERTAINMENT. Doors open at 7.30.

ALHAMBRA.—EVERY EVENING, FREGOLI, the renowned Italian

Artist. The New Hungarian Ballet, THE TZIGANE. Exceptional Variety Programme.
SPECIAL NOTICE.—The Box Office (10 to 6) is now transferred to the Charing Cross Road.
The NEXT FREGOLI MATINEE will be given on SATURDAY NEXT.
Doors open 7.30. ALFRED MOUL, General Manager.

SPA, BELGIUM.—WINTER SEASON.

Mild Climate. Only twelve hours from London.
Splendid Sport. Casino and Hotels open as in Summer. Special Moderate Winter Tariff.
Finest Iron-Waters in World. Sure Cure for Anæmia, &c.
For details, address JULES CREHAY, Secretary, Casino, Spa, Belgium.

WELLINGTON HOTEL, MOUNT EPHRAIM.—Unsurpassed for

position, climate, and scenery. Every modern convenience. Suites of rooms. High-class cooking. Fine cellar. Apply for Tariff.—Manager and Manageress, Mr. and Mrs. Boston (late Royal Sussex Hotel, St. Leonards).

ROYAL RESIDENTIAL HOTEL.

"Is situated amid the pine woods, the healthiest spot in the world."—*The Lancet*.

FIRST CLASS FAMILY HOTEL, NEAR WINDSOR.
MODERATE CHARGES. Apply PROPRIETOR.

TO BE LET, FURNISHED, for whole or part of Diamond Jubilee

Season, or for Six Months, a comfortable FAMILY RESIDENCE. Good situation. Two minutes from Whiteley. Three Reception-Rooms, Large Play-Room, Seven Bed-Rooms, Bath-Room with hot and cold water. Moderate Terms. Address, "Bayswater," Sketch Office, Granville House, W.C.

HUMBER CYCLES.—A perfect Catalogue has been produced by

Messrs. Humber and Co., Limited. From first to last each page is full of Artistic Merit, combined with an Exhaustive Description of their Machines. A Copy, containing the names of English Agents, will be sent post-free from the London Depot, 32, Holborn Viaduct, E.C.

EASTER HOLIDAY ARRANGEMENTS.

Special Cheap Tickets will be issued on April 16, 17, and 18 to and from London and the Seaside, available for return on any day up to and including April 21, as per Special Bills.

PARIS AT EASTER.—SPECIAL CHEAP EXCURSION (First and

Second Class only), THURSDAY, April 15, by the Special Express Day Service, leaving London Bridge and Victoria 10 a.m., and Kensington (Addison Road) 9.30 a.m.
Excursion Tickets (First, Second, and Third Class) will also be issued by Express Night Service, leaving Victoria 9.45 p.m., London Bridge 9.55 p.m., and Kensington (Addison Road) 9.20 p.m. on Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday, Sunday, and Monday, April 14 to 19 inclusive.
Returning from Paris by 9 p.m. Night Service only on any day within fourteen days of the date of issue. Fares, First Class, 33s. 3d.; Second Class, 30s. 3d.; Third Class, 26s.

SPECIAL CHEAP RETURN TICKETS.—TO BRIGHTON.—GOOD

FRIDAY AND EVERY SUNDAY First-Class Day Tickets from Victoria at 10.45 a.m. and 12.15 p.m. Fare, 10s.

FRIDAY, SATURDAY, AND SUNDAY, APRIL 16, 17, AND 18, TO WEDNESDAY, APRIL 21.

Fares, 14s. 8s. 6d. 6s. 4d.
TO WORTHING.—GOOD FRIDAY AND EVERY SUNDAY, First-Class Day Tickets from Victoria 10.45 a.m. Fare, 13s., including Pullman-Car to Brighton.

FRIDAY, SATURDAY, AND SUNDAY, APRIL 16, 17, AND 18, TO WEDNESDAY, APRIL 21.

Fares, 14s. 9s. 6d. 7s.
TO HASTINGS, ST. LEONARDS, BEXHILL, AND EASTBOURNE.—Fast Trains every

Week-day.
From Victoria—9.50 a.m., 12 noon, 1.30 p.m., 3.26 p.m. (4.30 p.m. and 5.40 p.m. Eastbourne only), and 9.45 p.m.

From London Bridge—9.45 a.m., 12.5 p.m., 2.5 p.m., 4.5 p.m., 5.5 p.m., and 9.55 p.m.

Cheap Tickets, Friday, Saturday, and Sunday, April 16, 17, and 18, to Wednesday, April 21, by certain Trains only. To Hastings or St. Leonards, 18s., 13s., 9s. To Bexhill or Eastbourne, 16s., 11s., 6d., 8s.

TO PORTSMOUTH AND THE ISLE OF WIGHT.—SATURDAY, APRIL 17, from Victoria 1 p.m., Clapham Junction 1.5 p.m., Kensington (Addison Road) 12.45 p.m., and London Bridge 2.30 p.m. Returning by certain Trains only, Tuesday, April 20.

TO EASTBOURNE.—GOOD FRIDAY AND EVERY SUNDAY Cheap Day Tickets from Victoria 11 a.m. Fare 13s. 6d., including Pullman Car.

FOR FULL PARTICULARS of availability of all above Cheap Tickets see Easter Programme and Hand-bills.

SPECIAL CHEAP DAY EXCURSIONS.—GOOD FRIDAY,

EASTER SUNDAY and MONDAY. From London Bridge and Victoria to Brighton, Worthing, Midhurst, Portsmouth, Isle of Wight, Tunbridge Wells, Seaford, Eastbourne, Bexhill, and Hastings; and on EASTER TUESDAY to Brighton and Worthing.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—GOOD FRIDAY.—GRAND SACRED

CONCERT.—FREQUENT DIRECT TRAINS to the Crystal Palace from London Bridge and New Cross, also from Victoria, Kensington (Addison Road), West Brompton, Chelsea, and Clapham Junction.

BRANCH BOOKING OFFICES are now open for the issue of

*Tickets to all Stations on the London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway to the Isle of Wight, Paris, and the Continent, &c.—

The West End Booking Offices, 28, Regent Street, Piccadilly, W., 8, Grand Hotel Buildings, and Hays', 26, Old Bond Street.

The City Booking Offices, 6, Arthur Street East, and Hays', 4, Royal Exchange Buildings.

Cook's Tourist Offices, Ludgate Circus, 445, West Strand, 99, Gracechurch Street, 82, Oxford Street, and Euston Road.

Gaze's Tourist Offices, 142, Strand, and Westbourne Grove.

Jakins', 6, Camden Road, 99, Leadenhall Street, and 30, Silver Street, Notting Hill Gate.

Myers', 343, Gray's Inn Road, and 1A, Pentonville Road.

The Army and Navy Stores, Victoria Street, Westminster.

Civil Service Supply Association, 136, Queen Victoria Street.

International Sleeping Car Company's Travel Bureau, Hotel Cecil.

Harrod's Stores, Brompton Road, and Whiteley's, 151, Queen's Road, Bayswater.

For further particulars see Easter Programme and Hand-bills, to be had at all Stations and at any of the above offices. (By Order) ALLEN SARLE, Secretary and General Manager.

LONDON, BRIGHTON, AND SOUTH COAST RAILWAY.**LEWES RACES, APRIL 9 and 10.**

CHEAP TRAINS from Victoria and London Bridge 8.55 a.m., calling at Clapham Junction and New Cross. Fare, 4s.
FAST TRAINS from Victoria and London Bridge 10.40 a.m., Clapham Junction 10.50 a.m. (First and Second Class).
SPECIAL TRAINS (First, Second, and Third Class) from Brighton 11.20 a.m. and 12.30 p.m. These Special Trains return to London and Brighton immediately after the Races. See Bills.

BRIGHTON RACES, APRIL 13 and 14.

CHEAP TRAINS from VICTORIA and LONDON BRIDGE 8.55 a.m., calling at Clapham Junction and New Cross; returning same day only 7.10 p.m. Fare, 4s.
FAST TRAINS from LONDON BRIDGE and VICTORIA 10.40 a.m., Clapham Junction 10.50 a.m.; returning at 5 and 5.50 p.m. (First and Second Class).
The Cheap Bookings to Brighton by Ordinary Trains will be suspended on these days as per Bills. (By Order) ALLEN SARLE, Secretary and General Manager.

SOUTH-WESTERN RAILWAY.**EASTER HOLIDAYS.**

CHANNEL ISLANDS, HAVRE, ST. MALO, and CHERBOURG (via Southampton).
SPECIAL EASTERTIDE CHEAP TRIP. On April 15, 16, 17, and 19, cheap third-class return tickets to GUERNSEY, JERSEY, and HAVRE will be issued from Waterloo, Kensington (Addison Road), &c., by any ordinary Train, available to return any day (Sundays excepted) within fourteen days of the date of issue. Return Fare, third class, by rail and fore cabin by steamer, 25s. Similar tickets will be issued to ST. MALO on April 16 and 19, and to CHERBOURG on April 15 and 17.

SPECIAL CHEAP EXCURSIONS.

CHEAP THIRD-CLASS RETURN TICKETS from London to PLYMOUTH, WADEBRIDGE, BODMIN, LAUNCESTON, HOLSWORTHY, ILFRACOMBE, BARNSTAPLE, BIDEFORD, EXETER, WEYMOUTH, DORCHESTER, SWANAGE, BOURNEMOUTH, BATH, WELLS, RADSTOCK, SHEPTON MALL, &c., will be issued by all trains on April 15 and subsequent days, up to and including April 19 (not to Somerset and Dorset Line Stations on April 16 or 18), available to return up to and including April 21.

EXCURSIONS will leave WATERLOO as under, calling at the principal Stations, on Thursday, April 15.

At 7.40 a.m. for MARLBOROUGH, SWINDON, CHELTENHAM, ANDOVER, SALISBURY, SHERBORNE, SEATON, SIDMOUTH, OKEHAMPTON, &c.

At 7.40 a.m. and 1 p.m. for BRIDGWATER, WELLS, BURNHAM, RADSTOCK, BATH, &c.

At 9.15 a.m. for YEOVIL, EXETER, PLYMOUTH, LAUNCESTON, WADEBRIDGE (for North Cornwall Coach), BODMIN, HOLSWORTHY (for Bude), BARNSTAPLE, LYNTON, ILFRACOMBE, BIDEFORD (for Clovelly), &c.

At 11.55 a.m. for LYMINGTON, YARMOUTH (for Freshwater), SWANAGE, DORCHESTER, WEYMOUTH, PORTLAND, &c.

At 12.10 p.m. for WINCHESTER, SOUTHAMPTON (West), BOURNEMOUTH, POOLE, &c.

The tickets issued by the above will be available to return by certain ordinary trains on April 22, 23, or 24.

SPECIAL EXTRA FAST TRAINS will leave Waterloo on Thursday, April 15, as follows—

At 1.50 p.m. and 2.5 p.m. EXPRESS for CHRISTCHURCH and BOURNEMOUTH.

At 3 p.m. for CAMELFORD, DELABOLE, WADEBRIDGE, and BODMIN.

At 4.40 p.m. for WINCHESTER, SOUTHAMPTON WEST, CHRISTCHURCH, and BOURNEMOUTH.

At 5.25 p.m. for SALISBURY, YEOVIL, EXETER, and WEST of ENGLAND LINES.

At 5.25 and 5.50 p.m. for BARNSTAPLE, ILFRACOMBE, BIDEFORD, and other NORTH DEVON STATIONS; also to Stations on the SIDMOUTH BRANCH.

To the WEST OF ENGLAND, NORTH and SOUTH DEVON, and NORTH CORNWALL.

SPECIAL LATE TRAINS on THURSDAY, APRIL 15, will leave Waterloo at 10.35 p.m. for SALISBURY, YEOVIL, and EXETER, and intermediate Stations, and at 12.15 MIDNIGHT for NORTH and SOUTH DEVON and NORTH CORNWALL.

For full particulars of the Excursions to Portsmouth, Southampton, Salisbury, Bournemouth, the Isle of Wight, &c., on Good Friday; Four-Days' Trip to Southampton, Portsmouth, and the Isle of Wight on Saturday; Portsmouth on Easter Sunday, and to Seaton, Sidmouth, Exmouth, Southampton, Salisbury, Bournemouth, &c., on Easter Monday, see Bills and Programmes, which can be obtained at any of the Company's Stations or London Receiving Houses, or from G. T. White, Superintendent of the Line, Waterloo Station. CHAS. SCOTTER, General Manager.

LONDON AND NORTH-WESTERN AND LONDON, CHATHAM, AND DOVER RAILWAYS.

A new through service for passengers between Birmingham, Liverpool, Manchester, and Scotland, and the Continent, is now established via Willesden Junction, Herne Hill, and Dover. Passengers leaving Birmingham at 7.30 a.m. reach Paris by the London, Chatham, and Dover Company's Special Day Express Service at 7 o'clock the same evening. Passengers leaving Birmingham at 5.45 p.m., Liverpool at 4.5 p.m., and Manchester at 4.15 p.m., arrive Paris in connection with the Night Mail Service at 5.35 next morning.

In the reverse direction Passengers leaving Paris at 9 a.m. by the Day Mail Service arrive Birmingham, Liverpool, and Manchester the same evening, and those leaving Paris by the Special Day Express Service at 11.50 a.m. reach Birmingham at 11.50 p.m.

Through Carriages will be run between the London and North-Western and London, Chatham, and Dover Lines.

MIDLAND RAILWAY.**EASTER EXCURSIONS.**

FROM LONDON (ST. PANCRAS AND CITY AND SUBURBAN STATIONS).

IRELAND—

Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, April 13, 14, and 15, to various parts of Ireland (limit 16 days) as announced in Special Bills.

GENERAL EXCURSION—

Thursday, April 15, to PRINCIPAL TOWNS and HOLIDAY RESORTS in the MIDLAND COUNTIES, LANCASHIRE, YORK-SHIRE, THE LAKE DISTRICT, and THE NORTH-EAST COAST (for 5 or 6 days). TO DOUGLAS (ISLE OF MAN) for 10 days; also to ALL PARTS OF SCOTLAND (for 4, 8, or 16 days).

LOCAL EXCURSIONS—

Easter Monday, April 19, to ST. ALBANS, HARPENDEN, and LUTON (day trips), leaving St. Pancras at 10.10 a.m. SOUTHERN-ON-SEA—Cheap Day Tickets will be issued as per Special Bills.

CHEAP WEEK-END TICKETS

will be issued on Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, April 15, 16, and 17, from London (St. Pancras) to the PRINCIPAL HOLIDAY and PLEASURE RESORTS in the Peak District of Derbyshire, Yorkshire, and the North-East Coast, available for return on any day up to and including Tuesday, April 20, except day of issue.

EXCURSION HAND-BILLS.

PROGRAMMES OF WEEK-END EXCURSIONS, and other EASTER NOTICES, may be had on application to Mr. Elliott, Midland Railway, St. Pancras Station, or any of the Company's Receiving Offices; or Thos. Cook and Son's Agencies.

Derby, April 1897.

GEO. H. TURNER, General Manager.

EASTER on the CONTINENT, via Harwich and the Hook of

Holland, leaving London every evening, and arriving at the chief Dutch Cities early next morning.

GERMANY.—Direct Services via the Hook of Holland.

BELGIUM; BRUSSELS, the ARDENNES, &c., via Antwerp daily (Sundays excepted).

THROUGH SERVICE from Scotland, the Northern and Midland Counties, via Lincoln or Peterborough and March.

HAMBURG by G.S.N. Company's fast passenger steamers "Peregrine" and "Seamew" from Harwich April 15 and 17.

Particulars at the American Rendezvous, 2, Cockspur Street, S.W., or of the Continental Manager, Liverpool Street Station, E.C.

SMALL TALK.

Captain T. C. S. Speedy, who is acting as Interpreter to the British Mission to Abyssinia, was attached for some time to the 10th Punjab Infantry. In 1860 he was in Peshawar with that corps, and, having a peculiar faculty of acquiring languages, he picked up a knowledge of Puchtu and other dialects. About that date he left the Army in order to visit Abyssinia. While there he was for some time with Theodore,



CAPTAIN SPEEDY IN ABYSSINIAN COSTUME.
Photo by Heyman, Cairo.

and would have been kept a prisoner, like the other Europeans, but he managed to get away. When Lord Napier's Expedition to Abyssinia took place, he was, from his knowledge of the language, appointed to the Staff as Interpreter. When the expedition was over, Captain Speedy brought home Theodore's son, Alumayou. The Queen, who had undertaken the boy's education, appointed Captain Speedy to be his guardian, and he remained in the Captain's charge for a number of years. Ultimately this young Prince was sent to an educational establishment in Leeds, where he died at the age of fourteen. On giving up his charge, the Queen expressed her approval of the manner in which Captain Speedy had performed his duties by presenting him with a gold watch. He has also held appointments in Oude and Penang. Captain Speedy's intimate knowledge of the manners and customs as well as of the language of Abyssinia ought to be of the greatest value to the Mission. He is well known in Abyssinia as "Basha Felika," a punning title from his name that Theodore gave him; but in his new mission he is to be known as "Fit-Aorari Felika," the last word being the Abyssinian equivalent of "Speedy."

Day after day the enthusiasm over the Jubilee increases visibly. Never surely has any Sovereign been the centre of such activity, the merest catalogue of which would fill many of my pages. The Hospital Fund, of course, takes the first place, and especial interest attaches to the scheme of enabling people of all classes, with the minimum of trouble, to subscribe to it by means of the issue of two stamps of the face-value of one shilling and two-and-sixpence respectively, which has been prepared by the Government contractors, Messrs. De la Rue and Co., who have given the blocks and drawings free of charge. The stamps will be ready after Easter. The issue will be strictly limited in number, and no reissue will be made. They will excite great interest among philatelists, of whose society the Duke of York is the President, so that royalty is highly interested in them. And, apropos of the same subject, I may mention that the Hospital for Consumption at Brompton is going to raise a fund for the erection of a Convalescent Home in the country. No other institution in London strikes one with the same pathos as that at Brompton, and the Home would be of great benefit to the Hospital.

Not only will the heart of the philanthropist and the philatelist be gladdened, but the coin- and medal-collector will be looked after. The Mint Birmingham, Limited, are striking a series of medals in silver, bronze, white metal, &c. The bronze specimen which I have seen is very beautiful. On one side there is a portrait of the Queen; the other bears the royal arms and "In Commemoration Victoria, 1837-1897."

As for the Procession itself, the preparations are endless. Messrs. May and Rowden, of Maddox Street, are actually going to hold auction-sales of seats. I cannot help thinking that many of the people who are letting houses on the route are quite well enough off to give the proceeds to such a deserving object as the Prince's Fund—I hope this will not be overlooked. The making of suitable decorations has already begun. I learn that Messrs. Atkinson and Co., of the well-known furnishing-house in Westminster Bridge Road, have already received a large number of orders for house-decoration, ranging from the aristocratic West End to the perhaps less refined but still important thoroughfares in the vicinity

of London Bridge and the Borough, and embracing in this extended area such preparations as are required by a large corporation like the London and South-Western Railway Company. The literature of the subject is sure to be extensive. Thus this year's issue of "The Statesman's Year-Book" gives a series of very instructive maps, contrasting the world of 1837 and 1897. Mr. Eyre Pascoe's "London of To-Day" has also been compiled this year with an eye on June.

St. Paul's, of course, will be the centre of interest on the great day of Jubilee. Thus special interest attaches to an admirable album illustrating the Cathedral, which Mr. Freeman Dovaston has just issued. The late learned Dr. Sparrow Simpson contributed descriptive notes to the sixteen full-page pictures, which are excellent. This album is too big for my taste; but exactly the right size has been found in the other issues of Mr. Dovaston's series, dealing with Westminster, St. Bartholomew the Great, and Christ's Hospital. These albums measure seven and a-half inches by five and three-quarters, and are bound in brown paper. The pictures are beautifully reproduced by Waterlow, and published by Mr. C. Taylor, of Warwick Lane. If every Londoner, equipped with such books, got to know his London thoroughly, the streets would never cease to teem with interest past and present.

To the same class of book belongs a new venture of Messrs. Isbister, namely, a history of each of the great English cathedrals in pretty little shilling volumes. Westminster is dealt with by Dean Farrar and illustrated by Mr. Railton, who also illustrates Winchester, about which Canon Benham writes. York is described by Dean Purey-Cust, and St. Albans by Canon Liddell. A rival eighteenpenny series is being issued by Messrs. George Bell and Sons, under the editorship of Mr. Gleeson White and Mr. E. F. Strange. The volume on Chester Cathedral by Mr. Charles Hialt has just been issued.

Devotees of Westminster Abbey—and, truth to tell, an extraordinary number of people, all sorts and conditions of men and women, find their way each day into the wonderful old fane—have been much interested in the fine new organ-case, designed by Mr. Pearson, R.A., which was put up about a fortnight ago. Notwithstanding the exquisite delicacy of the tracery, the oak-carving is worthy to take its place by some of the best mediæval work of the kind; but, as one of the old vergers sagely remarked, the case will look somewhat more at home after the light oak has had time to mellow down and to tune itself to all the other woodwork in the Abbey. The casing—or rather, that portion of it which has been already put up; for lack of funds, it seems, stops the way to the completion of the whole design—is just above the quaint recumbent figure of Lord John Thynne, who, like many of his monkish predecessors, spent the greater part of his life in the cloisters of Westminster. In curious juxtaposition, and also shadowed by the substantial oak-casing, are the medallions of Darwin and Professor Adams. How fortunate it is that the Abbey has fallen into reverent and kindly hands! As was the case with Dean Stanley, his friend and predecessor, Dean Bradley's only concern seems to be that of acting as faithful guardian and keeper of the treasure confided to his care, and he has always set his face against the vandals who would fain "improve" Westminster Abbey by clearing away some of the quaint monuments which, even if not intrinsically beautiful, have become a component part of our Walhalla.



THE NEW ORGAN-CASE IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.
Photo by Bolas.

"The Follies" is the name of a clever company of vocalists, musicians, and dancers. They have appeared for the last few months in London and the provinces, and are at the present time booked for many smart Society functions in town, and, after the season, for the most fashionable watering-places, nearly all the latter being return visits. The entertainment is essentially refined, and the company, in their Folly costumes of black-and-white or scarlet-and-white, make effective stage-pictures. The Follies emanated, both in name and idea, from the brain of Mr. Sherrington Chinn, who has for years been known to the musical and dramatic world as an organiser, and who has long been a resident in South Kensington.

Signs are not wanting that the rapid extension of the suburban theatre system has been rather overdone. From two districts, one in the East and the other far away in the South, come similar items of intelligence. The Messrs. Fredericks, who lately had built their splendid new Borough Theatre at Stratford to carry on in addition to their old Theatre Royal in the same neighbourhood, are now turning the last-named house into a music-hall, the change taking effect so soon as Easter. At Croydon, the other quarter to which I refer, the conditions are rather different. There the old Theatre Royal and the new Grand are under different managements, and apparently two regular playhouses have been found to be too much for Croydon also. At any rate, a

opera," called "Dorotea," at the Alhambra, and, of course, he sustains the eight rôles in the piece. It must be somewhat confusing for a man to impersonate a lady, her two lovers, her father, a sheriff, an executioner, a prologue, and a prompter; but Fregoli evidently considers the task well within the limits of a night's work. In all directions the quick-change business is catching on. A burlesque of the game is being presented by the Moore and Burgess Minstrels, who call their funny show "Farbeyondi," and there are other similar things on the tapis. Moreover, "The Great Trickoli" is actively rehearsing at the Empire, and the faces of rival managers are "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought"; but so great a one as "Trickoli" does not come when you whistle, and will probably continue to rehearse until perfection is attained or mortification sets in. And then, we shall not be—I forget the rest.

The Ibsen cult seems flourishing enough in Paris, where two drawing-room performances (the first in France) have just been given of a translation of "John Gabriel Borkman." These representations took place in the salon of Madame Aubernin de Neuville.

Ever since I saw the two Aztecs who toured this country years ago, poor, deformed creatures, with pea-sized heads hid in a shock of hair, I have been interested in the weird race. Now from America comes a curious story of an ancient Aztec manuscript found by a working-man in



"THE FOLLIES."

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY HAWKINS, BRIGHTON.

company is being formed to convert the older place again into a music-hall, and the Royal will, after having been altered structurally, be reopened under the title of the Empire at the August Bank Holiday.

I note with feelings akin to satisfaction a growing tendency in the London music-halls to give a well-merited quietus to what is frequently misnamed "native talent." Even the Syndicate halls, whose influence has seldom or never been progressive, can no longer rely, to any great extent, upon the person who calls himself a comedian, and upon the serio-comic lady whose comedy is serious and whose serious efforts are comic. To be sure, the clever and old-established few maintain their position, but the rest are not increasing their reputation. Of late years the success has fallen to really talented performers, who have an individuality and an education; very few people have rushed into popular favour with some startling song. One of the most serious aspects of the present crisis in the East and in the Transvaal lies in the danger that London runs of waking one morning to find her streets ringing with a modern version of the terrible Jingo ditties of our fathers' days. But, as I have said, I fancy the star of the "native talent" is on the decline, and I do not believe that even one of the old songs could raise it in the firmament of popular toleration. A glance down the programme of the modern music-hall justifies my opinion, even though it does not confirm it.

Signor Leopoldi Fregoli has not been long in recognising that he cannot do himself full justice in pieces that have been already appropriated by his imitators. He is now about to present a "parody

Iowa. It is now in the Smithsonian Museum at Washington, and has aroused a good deal of interest among American archaeologists, for, if the roll of birch-bark covered with hieroglyphics is really Aztec, it would prove that one of the tribes must have set out from Mexico and explored North America long before the days of the Pilgrim Fathers. The manuscript, if manuscript it can be called, was found under an old tree, encased in a box. The bark is covered with characters written in red ink, evidently the juice of some plant. Unfortunately, very little is known of the Aztec language, and only an imperfect key to the written characters has been found, so that the mystery will not be solved yet.

Writing about Sitting Bull's famous hat the other day, I remarked that the old man "now lives far from the scene of his former exploits." A Canadian correspondent supposes that I was ironical, for Sitting Bull has gone to the Happy Hunting-Grounds. The suggestion is generous, for I am afraid I did not know that he had been shot (so long ago as December, 1890) by Lieut. Bull, the head of the United States Indian Police, while inciting his comrades to rescue him.

A considerable quantity of matter has already been printed concerning one of our most interesting future royal visitors—the King of Siam; but how many people have taken the trouble to set forth his name in full? I will be more respectful to his Siamese Majesty, whose appellation "in the altogether" runs thus: Somdetch Phra Paramende Mahah Chulalongkorn Klow. The Chulalongkorn is simple enough, but the rest would not easily be mastered by the shrill-voiced "boy in the street."

It seems only a few months ago that General Boulanger shot himself on the grave of Madame Bonnemain at Ixelles, and already his bosom friend, M. Pierre Denis, has founded a drama, "À la Vie, à la Mort," on his story. The play, which is likely to be seen in London, and which at present is securing a great success in Brussels, is really a series of

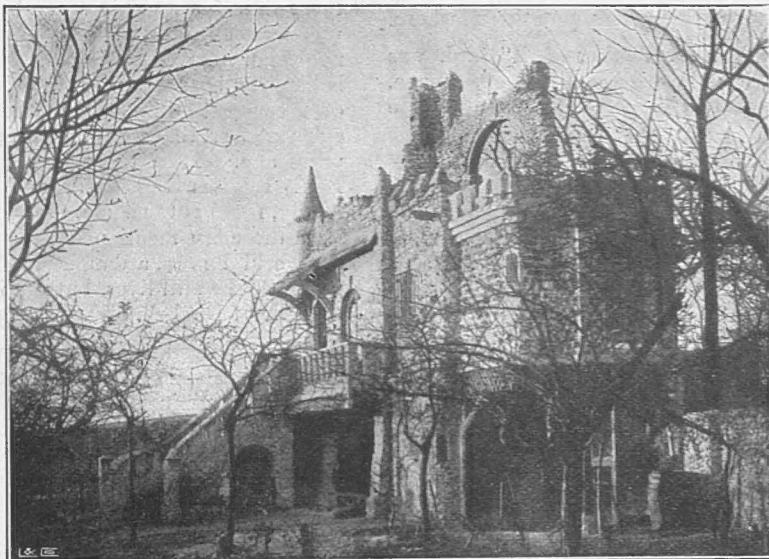
illustrated interviews in which the author took part. Under these conditions, naturally very little new light is thrown on the General's true character, though, whenever he has the chance, M. Denis puts the most favourable complexion on his whole conduct. It has, however, served one good purpose—namely, in bringing more prominently before the Parisian public M. Albert Darmont, who enjoys already two distinct claims to fame—one, that he closely resembles in face and manner Sir Henry Irving, and the other, that he has the most curious dwelling-place of any living actor. In M. Denis's play he created the part of the General, and the author himself admits that the impersonation was so



M. PIERRE DENIS.
Photo by Pirou, Paris.

striking that at times he could hardly believe that the revolver had fulfilled its mission and that his friend was no more.

M. Darmont was the child of simple peasants. He was born in Champigny. His first ideal was the brush, and he might have earned fame with it had he never seen Sarah Bernhardt. Her acting changed his life. The stage became for him a mania, and, fortunately, it has not proved a miasma. He early entered the Porte Saint Martin Theatre, an honour which would have contented most men, but Darmont was ambitious, and at the same moment that he had the proud distinction of playing Kephria to Sarah's Cleopatra his well-known play, "Pauline Blanchard," was accepted by another Parisian manager. He subsequently toured with Sarah Bernhardt in America and Australia, and it is an open secret that a drama from his pen has been accepted by her, and it is also hinted that, if she decides on a novelty for the London Season, his work will supply that. His house at Champigny has a strange and sad interest for France, for it recalls the great sortie from Paris in 1870. Up till the stirring days that began on Nov. 29 and ended on Dec. 2, it had been the castle of a wealthy French family, but when these had passed it was only a pitiable relic of Prussian shot and shell. So it remained for a good many years until M. Darmont bought the ruins and constructed a dwelling there. He, however, left the outer walls almost untouched.



M. DARMONT'S HOUSE AT CHAMPIGNY.

The flesh of a healthy horse, properly killed, dressed, and cooked, is not at all bad, and a good French cook will make it taste like mutton, beef, veal, venison, poultry, fish, sweets, fruit, or anything else, at his own free will. I have eaten horse in the Latin Quarter, and the only ground for complaint I have had has been its designation on the bill of fare, "Rosbif à l'Anglais." It was at a time when the Egyptian Question was agitating the French mind, and England was very unpopular, so there is some explanation for the outrage. If the custom of using a false name is still preserved, we must attribute



M. ALBERT DARMONT.

it to the same cause. Let our Government cede Egypt to France, and I am ready to wager that the Restaurants Duval will have serious rivals in Restaurants Cheval, that the horse and the ox—or cow—will figure in harmony among the many attractions of the bill of fare, and that the name of England will no longer be taken in vain.

The average wire-walker is an eyesore, irrespective of sex. There are difficulties in graceful posturing which very few performers seem able to surmount, and it is with all the more pleasure that I call attention to the gifts of Lulu, the pretty, graceful girl whose photo is presented here. Unless memory serves me badly, I saw her first, many years ago, at the Royal Aquarium, where she was carried across the wire by Ella Zuila. Then long years passed, as is their wont, and one glorious summer day I found posters presenting Ella Zuila and Lulu staring at me from all the hoardings of a famous Spanish city, where they combated the splendid posters announcing forthcoming bull-fights, and setting forth the many claims to universal admiration possessed by the illustrious *diestros*, Mazzantini, Guerrita, and Reverte. Two years later, a fortnight ago, I stayed in the Empire after the last notes of "Monte Cristo" had died into silence, and I was rewarded by seeing Lulu looking as pretty as ever as she trod the wire to some delicate ballet-music written, I believe, by Leo Delibes. When the turn was over and some other performers held the stage, Lulu told me of her travels by land and sea, how she had performed in many strange countries, and was then spending her last week in London. Now she is in Paris, or soon will be, delighting the boulevardier at the sign of the Folies-Bergère. And I am not without hope that some day chance or Fate will increase the enjoyment of a visit to some far-away city by bringing me there when Lulu, as graceful as of old, is posing in mid-air to the same dainty music.



MDLE. LULU.
Photo by Hans, Strand.

Some of those grumblers who cavil at everything have been complaining concerning an admirable innovation that the London Road Car Company have introduced for the purpose of lightening the sorrows of perturbed passengers by omnibus. These silly people are growling that their view, through the front windows, of the line of route will be impeded by the boards, with plain blue lettering on a white ground, boldly showing the limits of the journey and some of the principal streets through which the vehicle passes. For my part, I think it is an excellent new

device, even more to be commended than the London General Omnibus Company's plan of placing initials on the back of their buses.

For some weeks past the Alhambra has reckoned among its attractions a charming violinist, Nadia Sylva by name. She is an English girl, but has lived nearly all her life in Brussels, where her father was a surgeon. Since her ninth year Miss Sylva has studied music practically and theoretically, and though, under the careful tuition of Alex. Cornelis, she threatened to become an infant phenomenon, has survived the great danger and ephemeral reputation attached to the position. When but fourteen she toured in Switzerland, and two years later took the first prize at the Brussels Conservatoire. Miss Sylva, who had not been long in England before she was engaged to play at the Alhambra, is a musical enthusiast, and consequently the quality of her performance does not suffer from the fact that she is not always playing to musicians. She tells me of an American engagement recently offered, and I hope that she will return to London. Our music-halls benefit greatly by such excellent work, and every "turn" of this description puts a nail in the coffin of the blatant, uneducated serio-comic and the foul-mouthed low comedian, forcing them to mend their ways.



MISS NADIA SYLVA.
Photo by Dupont, Brussels.

There have been statesmen like "Bob" Lowe and Mr. Childers who made one reputation in a Colony and then made another at home. Mr. Blake has not imitated their success. He rests on his Canadian reputation. That, however, was great enough. An Irishman by descent, born and educated in Canada, he rose to almost the highest post. It has been Mr. Blake's lot to refuse more than one coveted office and honour. He declined both the Chancellorship of Upper Canada and the Chief Justiceship of the Dominion, and he is one of the few men who have ever declined a K.C.M.G. For the sake of principle, he retired from the Leadership of the Liberal Party in the Colony, and now he sits among men of his own race in a back bench at St. Stephen's. Some of the Nationalists have shown their lack of gratitude by telling the world of Mr. Blake's "failure." He has done much for the Party, not only by his ability, but also by his purse. More than once he has given a thousand pounds to the Parliamentary Fund in a single Session. The squabbles of recent years might have driven him from a thankless post were it not for his devotion to the Irish "cause" and his friendship with some of its leaders, like Mr. Dillon and Mr. Justin McCarthy. He is one of the most silent Nationalists, and yet, when occasion calls him to his feet, one of the most fluent.

In appearance Mr. Blake resembles the American type. Abundant hair lying loose on his left forehead shows freedom from English conventionality, and the large, soft, black hat which he wears even in the House is decidedly foreign. He frequently carries a long, narrow black bag. In this may be his briefs. Some members were surprised to hear him described in the debate last week as "learned." As a matter of fact, Mr. Blake still practises his profession as a lawyer. He has a large practice before the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, and he is also great at arbitrations. On the way from Canada to this country, a year or so ago, he arbitrated in an important case in New Zealand. His home is still across the Atlantic. He has a house at Toronto, and another in Quebec. For London society he does not care much, although his company is much appreciated by jurists. He is an agreeable and interesting man, with formal ways, but with less pretension than many members who have achieved a reputation nowhere.

I should think that the case of Mr. H. Clarke, of Bedford, was unique in point of his length of service, the variety of his experience, and the clearness of his record. He has been in the employment of the London and North-Western Railway for the long period of sixty years, during no less than fifty-one years of which he has occupied the position of guard. During the whole of that period his character has been absolutely unblemished, and he holds a perfectly clear sheet. On many occasions he has narrowly escaped death or serious injury. At Bedford, on one occasion, he was the guard of a train which was in collision with a Midland train, when his van was upset and smashed, he himself escaping by a miracle with a severe shaking. Guards always enter and leave trains



MR. H. CLARKE.

in motion, and many narrow shaves are their portion. Mr. Clarke, on leaving a train at Bicester some few years ago, trod on a piece of orange-peel on the platform, lost his footing, and was precipitated on to the permanent way; two or three horse-boxes were coupled to his van, but he managed to roll himself clear of the wheels and escaped unhurt. At Farthinghoe, one wintry night in 1895, he slipped while entering his van, but managed to retain his hold of the handle of the door, and, after being dragged for some distance along the line, contrived to raise himself on to the footboard and so secure safety. Mr. Clarke is the same age as the Queen, and, while she is celebrating her Diamond Jubilee, he finds it necessary to retire from active life owing to increasing age.

A correspondent sends me some details about Benin. Speaking of the heat, he says—

I am very glad we were not long at Benin, as the place stunk like an open grave. Without exaggerating, there were thousands of dead bodies lying about. Some of the sights we saw were positively too awful to describe. There were hundreds of tusks lying about and the brasses were innumerable. There was a lot of silk and cloth stuff, but most of it was burnt in a tremendous fire there was there. It was not all beer and skittles when we were ashore. Part of the time we were on an allowance of drinking water; you can imagine what that was like in that hot climate. I don't know what I should have done without thin underclothing; being good stuff it prevented me getting prickly heat so badly as most people had it. Our food was not as luxurious as it might have been the whole time. Part of the time my every meal consisted of preserved beef, eaten off a ship's biscuit, with my broken penknife to do duty as knife, fork, and spoon. Most of the time we were ashore we slept under leaf roofs which the carriers made us. They just kept most of the dew off at night, although they could not keep the heat of the sun out. The heat was really awful. Luckily, most of the marching was done under the shade of the bush. We had a terrible march up to Benin. We did a forced march up to Owoho. I was in charge of the rear-guard, and I had an awful time, as the lieutenant in charge of the advance-guard pushed on as hard as he could, and all the men who fell out from his party came back on me, and some of them had to be carried, as, of course, if we had left them to recover, we should never have seen them again. When we got into camp we almost fell down dead. We got to Benin on Sunday night, and we left it on Monday morning.

A monument in memory of the ill-fated Guy de Maupassant has been fashioned by the sculptor Raoul Verlet at the instance of the Société de

Gens de Lettres, and the work, after being exhibited at the Salon, will be erected in the Parc Monceau. The announcement has drawn forth from M. Emile Blavet a sympathetic and feelingly written *chronique* concerning the yacht *Bel Ami*, on which De Maupassant is said to have felt the first oncomings of the malady that drove him to his death. M. Blavet recalls the expedition made by him, Paul Bourget, and François Coppée to Antibes, where the yacht lay for some time after its owner's death.

Sir Algernon West has a long memory, and a long experience on which to exercise it, and very interesting is the article he has recently given to the world on the changes of fashion and manners that have taken place during the last half-century or so. Jove is said to have occasionally nodded, and Sir Algernon's excellent memory may sometimes fail him. I read that, before the invasion of the Crimea, according to Sir Algernon, no man, "unless an officer in her Majesty's Cavalry, ever ventured to wear a beard or moustache." Let me see; the Crimean Campaign began in 1854, and in 1852 Sir R. B. W. Bulkeley moved the Address in the House of Commons in a beard that at one time would have been described as a "Newgate fringe." In that same year of grace Lord Malmesbury was familiar to Society in the same kind of fringe beard, and a small "imperial" in addition. In 1851 the late Sir Robert Peel, then the dashing, jaunty member for Tamworth, addressed his constituents and the House, his face ornamented with side-whiskers, a thickish moustache, and an "imperial," and his head crowned with "lustrous curls that made his forehead like a rising sun"; and the savant Dr. Layard, of Nineveh fame, who was a London "lion" of the day, sported a fine moustache. I might add Viscount Jocelyn, M.P. for Lyme Regis, to this list of "substantial contradictions."

A few years ago the number of Marchionesses of Ailesbury was a matter of considerable confusion to the minds of all who were not students of Debrett or Burke. Several of these ladies departed to a better world, and considerably simplified the matter. More recently, the Duchesses of Marlborough have been much in evidence in the Peerage. Of these, till the death of Jane, widow of the sixth duke, a few days ago, there were four. This venerable lady, who was in her eightieth year, was married six-and-forty years ago, and was the third wife of the nobleman referred to, who died in 1857. There are, however, still three ladies who bear this historic title. There is Frances, who is the widow of the seventh duke, the mother of Lord Randolph Churchill and his elder brother, that well-known nobleman the eighth duke, who died a few years ago. Then there is his widow, Lilian, who has since married Lord William Beresford, and has quite recently become a mother. Lastly, there is Consuelo, the young wife of the reigning or ninth duke. Both these last-mentioned ladies are Americans, the latter being, as all the world knows, a daughter of the Vanderbilts. The mother of the present duke still lives, but she is Lady Blandford, and has never borne the title of Duchess of Marlborough.

The proposed national memorial to Edward Jenner took definite form at the meeting held at Burlington House under the presidency of the Duke of Westminster. The year 1896 was the centenary of the discovery of vaccination, so that the time is peculiarly appropriate for the inauguration of a memorial. A subscription is to be set on foot with a view to promoting researches on the lines which Jenner initiated in connection with the British Institute of Preventive Medicine. Lord Lister, in an interesting speech, stated that the Institute was provided with a site and a building, but was not possessed of sufficient funds to carry on its work. Should these be provided as a consequence of this movement, the Council would be happy to change the name of the Institute, and to call it the Jenner Institute. If the sum raised, however, was not considerable, it would be possible to found a Jenner Professorship of Bacteriology, or a Jenner Scholarship. Mr. Brudenell Carter appealed to the generosity of the public, pointing out that the medical profession was the only one which spent all its energies in trying to cure the evils by which it was supported. A strong speech in defence of the efficacy of vaccination was made by Lord Herschell, who so recently presided over the Royal Commission to inquire into the subject. Many eminent men were present, among them Sir J. Fayrer, Sir H. Roscoe, Lord Davey, and Professor Michael Foster.

The arrangements made by the Committee for the Celebration of the Centenary of Antonio Rosmini's birth include the publication of a volume comprising a series of essays on his life and philosophy, written by distinguished Italian students of his tenets. There will also be issued an album containing the names of corporations, scientific and educational institutions, and famous men of science, professors, and magistrates, who are thus desirous of doing honour to Rosmini's memory. Rosmini, although a priest, would not recognise the Temporal Power of the Papacy, and he is credited with having inspired Pius IX. with the idea of bringing about the independence of Italy. The Pope, indeed, in 1849 wished to make him a Cardinal, but, the Jesuits gaining power over that Pontiff, the proposal was not carried into effect, and Rosmini retired in disgust from political life. His philosophy, although Christian, was modern in character, and was thus opposed to the old scholasticism of the Church. Manzoni revered Rosmini. When the latter was on the point of death, in 1855, Manzoni visited him. As a tribute of affection the philosopher kissed Manzoni's hands, then the author of "I Promessi Sposi" went to the far end of the bed, and in return kissed Rosmini's feet. This touching episode may well be considered as a proof of the widespread veneration with which the most enlightened thinkers of modern Italy regard the great Liberal Churchman of the middle of the century. Roveredo was the native place of Rosmini.



HOW THEY PULL LOGS IN OREGON.

Photo by Browning, Portland.

Log-rolling is familiar enough in literary London, but it has been left to the Oregon woodman to devise something new in the art, not in letters but in lumber. The old way was to place the logs on flat cars for transportation to the mills; but in Oregon they chain the logs together end to end, and then haul them between the rails. As many as fifteen twenty-four-foot logs are sometimes hauled in this fashion. The sight of one of these log trains—especially when the engine is hidden by brush and stumps—gives the impression of an enormous



HOW THEY DO IT IN VANCOUVER.

Photo by Bailey Brothers.

jointed serpent moving slowly along between the rails of the track. In earlier days the "tapping" of a lumber country was a much simpler matter than it is now. The company had but to choose a tract situated close to the banks of a river. The logs were felled, allowed to collect in the river or dam, and then floated down with the winter freshets. Now, however, all is changed. As the companies extended their limits of operation, the good lumber along the river was exhausted, and it became more difficult to reach the back country remote from the stream.



OXEN HAULING LOGS.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BAILEY BROTHERS.

Every day the divining-rod is being taken more seriously. Lately, an interesting experiment took place at Dulverton, where Mr. B. Tomkins, a well-known Wiltshire water-finder, who has built up a prosperous business with the aid of his divining-rod, made a series of experiments on a piece of land known as the Vineyard, cut out of a rocky hill-slope, which was, till the appearance of Mr. Tomkins and his hazel wand, quite bereft of water. Within a few minutes of the finder's arrival, the divining-rod indicated the presence of a spring. It should be added that "no water found, no pay," is the business-motto of most successful water-finders. The fame of Mr. Tomkins has spread far and wide. Not long ago he was commissioned to go out to Cape Colony in order to see by the aid of his rod whether a spring could be found at Priska, where the mining work was at a complete standstill for want of water. Wonderful to relate, the rod "played up," and water was duly found fifty-seven feet under the spot indicated. The Society for Psychical Research has shown a good deal of interest in Mr. Tomkins's work, notwithstanding that Lord Kelvin has expressed the belief that the divining-rod "is utterly ineffective."

This week will be the last of the season for the large majority of packs of foxhounds, and before many weeks, as soon as the winter chill is off the water, otter-hounds will be at work. There is no finer sport than otter-hunting with a keen pack, and, it may be added, no harder work, for the man who means to see the fun must be strong in the legs and long in the wind, indifferent to wet clothing and other disagreeables pertaining to an amphibious life. Of recent years otter-hunting has been revived to a great extent, and there are now at least seventeen packs in the kingdom, including one in Ireland. A good many people denounce otter-hunting as a grossly cruel sport, but I have usually traced their opinion to that now misleading picture of Landseer's, which depicts the otter held aloft impaled on a spear. The spear has formed no part of the otter-hunter's equipment for a generation at least, and the stout staff he carries has no more fell purpose than to help him in wading swift streams, and the hounds of necessity receive less assistance in the

chase than do foxhounds. Furthermore, a stout dog-otter is an ugly customer to tackle, and has an excellent idea how to take care of himself. One of the best packs in the country last summer ran fifty-two otters and accounted for twenty-eight of them.

Flying-machines have occupied the attention of men in all times, but I am not aware that the Scot has ever tried his hand at the game until Mr. George L. O. Davidson appeared. Mr. Davidson has just invented and patented a machine with the appearance of a powerfully built moth,



A NEW FLYING-MACHINE.

which, he says, will carry at least twenty passengers, and will fly at fabulous or practically unlimited rates of speed. The secret of his invention lies in the principle that gravitation is the sole propelling force of flying creatures. Hitherto all flying-machines have sought to force their way through the air by means of propulsion based on the analogy of the railway engine and the steamer. Mr. Davidson, acting on an extensive knowledge of the flight of birds, has devoted all his motive-power to lifting the machine. When it is at a certain height and the raising force is suspended, it tends to fall forward, owing to its being overweighted in front; the tail is then moved upwards to such an angle as produces a swooping flight, and the machine would glide forward on a decline however slight, being dragged down and along by gravitation.

The outspread, rigid wings are one hundred feet from tip to tip, and are fitted with an ingenious system of valves above and below. Between the two surfaces are "lifters," or vertical screws, worked from the body of the machine, which force the air downwards through the wings and raise the whole machine. The valves are so constructed as to open when the machine is rising, while offering a solid face to the air when the machine descends. The beak by which the machine is guided to right or left is controlled from the beak-house, situated in the brow, the heavy machinery being placed in the base, to bring the centre of gravity as low as possible. It would be built of the strongest materials, ribbed with steel, though much of it would be made of a new tough metal which is much lighter than aluminium, and is very workable. The possibilities in the way of speed are enormous; one can imagine its velocity at the end of a five-hundred-mile run down a gradient of one in five thousand. Mr. Davidson invites subscriptions to enable him to construct the machine, which exists at present only on paper, at Wembley Park at an estimated cost of five thousand pounds. When once started this machine would certainly be a going concern.

By the way, the Aeronautical Society of Great Britain has just issued a journal. The society was founded over thirty years ago, and the Duke of Argyll was its first president. It held an exhibition at the Crystal Palace in 1868; but after a period of useful work it began to droop, the meetings grew thinner and thinner until last November, when one or two energetic spirits took steps to set it on a firmer basis. It is interesting to know that the latest theories in aeronautics are opposed to the employment of balloons in conjunction with flying-machines, and the successful machine will, it is believed, dispense with gas as an elevator.

There seems no end to submarine boats rivalling Jules Verne's celebrated *Nautilus*. A company has been formed in the States for exploiting what bids fair to be the most practical invention of the kind yet imagined, and the "Holland Submarine Wonder," as it is called, will soon be completed. It is a dynamite torpedo-boat, and claims the power to sink the largest ironclad afloat. So afraid was the inventor that his secret would be discovered, that all the machinery was made separately, and when the boat is launched not five men will understand how it was put together. The inventor, a Mr. Holland, will be accompanied during the boat's trial-trip by an engineer and two naval United States officers. The boat will be controlled, both when on the surface and when submerged, by four rudders, and the firing out of the dynamite-tubes will be done by pneumatic pressure.

Mr. Pinero has once again proved beyond a doubt the verisimilitude of his studies from life, for does not one of the characters in "The Princess and the Butterfly" declare that *Pick-Me-Up* is "a dreadfully amusing paper—never fails to make me yell"? Mr. Pinero's observation of *Pick-Me-Up* must have been made before the paper changed hands. I feel sure, if he had written about it since, he would have made his character ransack the vocabulary for adjectives of praise. There is no doubt that this bright journal has improved and is improving. Under the ægis "Funny without being vulgar," it has taken a greater hold on the life we lead. Last Saturday's issue, which contained the picture I reproduce here, was unusually good, and the future is still more full of promise.



EASIER SAID THAN DONE.
Reproduced from "Pick-Me-Up"

I have had a most striking illustration of the extraordinarily fleeting character of the mummer's triumphs. When Shiel Barry died, the other day, I scoured the country (by letter) for a portrait of him as Gaspard in "Les Cloches de Corneville," which he had played over four thousand



THE LATE MR. SHIEL BARRY AS GASPARD.

Photo by Lafosse, Manchester.

times. But to no purpose. Neither of his late managers, Mr. William Hogarth and Madame Constance Bellamy, could supply me, although the photograph must have been once scattered broadcast over the land. At last, after much trouble, Madame Bellamy managed to unearth the picture which I reproduce here. In view of such things, the notoriety with which the player is favoured in his lifetime is not so extravagant as you might at first suppose.

The Spring has come, and with it a strange sort of literary tourney on the subject of old age. Ibsen has largely set this fashion, epitomised in the fine phrase of "The Master Builder" about the younger generation knocking at the door.

The same theme is the background of "John Gabriel Borkman," of "The Well-Beloved," and now of "The Princess and the Butterfly." And I, too, must be in the fashion. So here goes, after the manner of Miss Ellaline Terriss—

Oh, the world is growing younger, you can see it every day,
And we soon shall have the roses and the blossom of the May,
For Age may pass with saddened look,
But Youth must have its fling;
And every page of Nature's book
Proclaims that it is Spring.

Just a little bit of Spring,
When the birds begin to sing,
And the tender buds appear upon the tree.
For in every little touch—
Though as yet there isn't much—
The Promises of Spring I see.

Don't you note the very houses are conspirers in the plot,
When you watch the coated painter with his brushes and his pot?
The dingy stucco gleams anew
As fresh as anything,
With green and yellow, red and blue,
Which tell me it is Spring.

Just a little bit of Spring,
When the dust begins to cling,
And the housemaid drives all peace from me.
Yea, our houses of a truth
Have a flutter after Youth,
And they're basking in the Spring, you see.

When the beauty notes a wrinkle and her skin is getting rough,
She is apt to get coquetting with the fluffy powder-puff,
And when she sees a streak of grey
It always is a sting,
She tries to dye it quite away
And live again in Spring.

Oh, a little dash of Spring
Gives my lady's step a swing,
When she figures at a fashionable tea;
And she'll minimise her waist,
And she'll try with rouge and paste
To summon back her Spring, you see.

When the Princess of Pinero and the aging Butterfly
Saw the forties coming on them, they began to heave a sigh;
But Dame Forty, with a throbbing heart,
Made Seven-and-Twenty king,
While quite a girl subdued the Bart.
And Winter passed to Spring.

Just a little bit of Spring
And a parson with the ring
Brought the roses to the Princess P.;
While the Ark sent forth a Dove
For the Bart. in shape of Love,
And it brought him back the Spring, you see.

And yet, despite the many warnings dealt out to those who hope to remain beautiful for ever by the aid of quacks and charlatans, the world is seething with the disciples of the notorious Madame Rachel. These "Complexion Specialists" are summarily dealt with in Paris, but there is apparently no law which can strike them in the English-speaking world, for they thrive apace not only in London, but in New York. Indeed, one notorious Yankee beautifier burns out the wrinkles of her

patients, a kill-or-cure method, which proves how much women will suffer in order to retain that beauty which we are told is only skin-deep.

A correspondent writes me: As the writer of the criticism in *The Sketch* of the 24th on the "Gibbon Autobiographies" reminds your readers, even after Lord Sheffield's third volume appeared in 1815, no more than a compilation of the whole of the correspondence which afforded a frank revelation of Gibbon's character had been made public. This may be inferred from letters which quite occasionally fall into the hands of the autograph collector. A writer of note at the beginning of this century, Thomas Edward Ritchie—his name even as an author has passed into oblivion—was engaged in writing a life of Gibbon for the then well-known firm of publishers, Messrs. Cadell and Davies. The work, however, was delayed for the want, apparently, of material, and he writes to the firm from an out-of-the-way place, "Belhaven Barracks, Dunbar." His letter, dated Dec. 12, 1807, shows how slowly the work was progressing. It reads as follows—

GENTLEMEN,—In March last I sent you a list of pamphlets which are necessary to enable me to complete Mr. Gibbon's biography, with a request that you would put it into the hands of some person to collect them: and in August last I wrote you on the same subject; but I have not heard from you. I am anxious to finish the work, and beg you will have the goodness to inform me if the person to whom you gave the list has been successful in his researches. I hope to be able to obtain a few letters from Lord Sheffield, but am in sore doubt. [He then passes at once to quite another matter.] It will be in your recollection that, when I made offer of Hume's Life to you, I stated as my reason for declining to part with the copyright that I intended to compose the biographies of several other Scottish authors, and afterwards publish them in a collected form. I was with this view also compiling the life of Dr. Blair. I perceived that it would be much more eligible to engraft on it biographic notices of all the members of the Select and Royal Societies, who were authors, and died before Dr. Blair, with the exception of Adam Smith. I will thus get rid of a large mass of biographic details and critical remarks, which I have accumulated for some years past, and it will preclude the necessity of making the collection to which I have alluded. Hume's Life will, of course, remain separate, and in preparing a second edition I intend to omit some of the letters respecting Rousseau. The Marquis of Hertford informed me some months ago that any letters of Hume's in his possession were of so trifling a nature that he did not think they could be made of use to me. Professor Stewart tells me that Hume's letters to Adam Smith were returned on H.'s death to his relations, and that Dr. Blair burned all his correspondence. John Home's is preserved for his own biography. I have written to Mr. Cadell and Mr. Strahan to search for Hume's letters among their fathers'; but possibly both of them are too much engaged in business to attend to my request. I will, however, be able to extend the biographical part (I mean exclusive of appendices) to a sufficient size to form a preceding volume to Hume's History—at least, with the addition of his own Life and the two first books of his History, and the Life and Appendix together to make a twelve-shilling volume. Having given you this detail, I beg you will inform me if it would suit you to purchase the copyright of the Life, and on what terms?—I have the honour to be, Gentlemen, your most obedient

THOMAS EDWARD RITCHIE.

I don't think it is generally known that Madame Blanche Marchesi always wears the same costume—uniform she calls it, with a sense of the double import of the word—whenever she sings in public. Designed with the aid of Worth in Paris, it is carried out in black for morning concerts and in white for the evening. The accompanying photograph shows the black one. Madame Blanche (la Baronne Anzon Caccamisi) is the daughter of the famous teacher Matilde Marchesi, and is one of the most able exponents of her mother's methods. After only two visits to England, she is an established favourite both in London and the provinces, being one of the most artistic singers of the day. She sang for the first time in public in Berlin at her own recital in January 1895, and immediately scored a great success. Unfortunately, a very dangerous illness interrupted her career, and prevented her from singing again until the following year, when, in January 1896, she made her reappearance in Paris at M. Breittner's Philharmonic Concert, following up her extraordinary success with a series of her own song recitals, and later, in December last, with "Les Comtes Mystiques." Madame Marchesi made her début in London last June, and at once received the unanimous praise of both Press and public; or, to use her own words, "they made the most beautiful receptions to me which was ever made to an artist at his first appearance!"—a reception of which she is proud. Last November she returned to London to sing at the Monday Popular Concerts, and also to fulfil some private engagements.



MADAME BLANCHE MARCHESI.

Photo by Reutlinger, Paris.

All who visited Clifford Gallery, in the Haymarket, during the recent exhibition there of Miss Fairman's "Dog Show on Paper and Canvas," will remember the portrait of Mr. E. Sydney Woodiwiss's famous dachshund Champion Pterodactyl, one of the many masterpieces of dog-portraiture hung there. Champion Pterodactyl was born in 1888, and from his puppy days has been his master's prime favourite and constant companion; he was also one of the most popular dogs ever exhibited with the judges and the public. His record as a prize-winner was a brilliant one, and included, besides firsts and specials too numerous for recapitulation, the chief honour of all—that of winning on three occasions the Dachshund Club's fifty-guinea Challenge Cup for the best specimen of the breed in the show, beating not only the chief dogs, but the bitches also. Champion Pterodactyl possessed all the typical points of the breed, and was practically faultless, while his graceful contour, lovely colouring, and glossy coat always gained for him the admiration of non-doggy visitors to the various shows at which he was exhibited. He was a dog of the most charming manners, and was intensely devoted to his master, who fully reciprocated his affection. Sad to say, this grand dog has recently gone from his happy home at Upminster to (let us hope) some, if possible, happier doggy Paradise, leaving a void behind him which will not easily, if ever, be filled. He leaves a son, Champion Wiseacre, and two daughters, Champion Belle Blonde and Champion Primula, besides many others who are well-known first-prize winners, though not as yet (through youth) having attained the coveted prefix of Champion, to carry on his many perfections. Champion Pterodactyl was bred by Mr. C. A. Walroth at Michelover, a village near Derby.

The fame of Mrs. Tottie's Basset-hounds is widely spread, and not confined to two, or even to three, continents; her lovely little bitch Saracenesca has just gone to swell the glories of the Sandringham kennels, having been purchased by the Prince of Wales. Saracenesca



DOLORES.
Photo by Horner Settle.

is a pretty little lady, of a deep orange and white in colour. Many others, however, still remain to keep up the high reputation of the Coniston Hall kennels; among them is the smooth Basset-hound Dolores, who also is a beautiful orange and white, with one of the most typical Basset heads ever seen. She is by Nicholas (Mrs. Tottie's famous stud-dog) out of Gravit, and was born in April 1895, being bred by her owner. In 1896 she won five first and five second prizes, all under Kennel Club judges; she took a championship at the Birkenhead Show last autumn, and was the reserve champion to Mrs. Tottie's Songstress at Birmingham in December; and at Cruft's Show in February she again scored, and also gained special commendation for her many perfections from that most competent authority Mr. G. R. Krehl. In rough Bassets Mrs. Tottie keeps up her proud reputation as a breeder and owner of champions as successfully as in the smooth variety; Champion Tambour and Champion Pervenche being a well-known pair of prize-winners. The former, born in May 1889, is by Caporal and Musetta; both were bred on the Continent by M. Boequet. Champion Tambour has won eighteen first prizes, five championships, and many specials, including a cup, a gold medal, and the stud-dogs' medal at Cruft's Shows in '96 and '97. He is also the sire of many prize-winners. Champion Pervenche is acknowledged to be the best rough Basset bitch living, and has never been beaten by any of her own sex, and has only twice had to lower her crest to her kennel companion, Champion Tambour. She has won fourteen first prizes, three championships, and many specials, and has recently become the joyful mother of seven promising puppies.

Little Japan is certainly forging ahead. The National Association of American Manufacturers have been investigating the condition of Japanese commerce and industries, and their commissioner, Mr. Robert P. Porter, has made some interesting discoveries. Silk has long been one of the staple industries of the Jap people. At one time silken fabrics were used extensively for the payment of taxes, but four years ago there were only fifteen silk-producing districts in the Empire. Last year over nine million pounds of raw silk was exported, while, in the silk-handkerchief trade alone, over a million pounds' worth found its way to the United States and to Great Britain!

Then, again, a great leap forward has taken place in the rug and matting industry. Curiously enough, the first Japanese rug ever made was woven just over sixty years ago. Cotton, silk, wool, and hemp are all used indifferently in the manufacture of rugs. The Jap variety has



PTERODACTYL.
Photo by Lodge, Enfield.

become very popular both in Europe and in the States, and, owing to its extraordinary cheapness, there is a perpetual and increasing demand for it, while the superiority of Japanese over Chinese matting is said to be acknowledged by experts.

But, even if Japan ever becomes a leading textile-manufacturing country, she seems likely to remain weak in machine- and metal-work. Those who have charge of the Imperial Technical Schools are well aware of this fact, and every inducement is held out to persuade young men to become mechanics and ironworkers. Fifteen hundred mines are now open in Japan, and in one coalfield alone there are said to be five hundred million tons waiting to be extracted. There are a certain number of iron-yielding districts, and the metal produced from the ironsand, found in the mainland in quantities well-nigh inexhaustible, really surpasses imported iron. Then, again, there are sixty-four gold-mines, eighty gold-and-silver mines, and twenty-five mines yielding gold mixed with other minerals. But copper is second in importance in the mineral energies of Japan, coal being first. It is significant that the young and vigorous Empire of the East bids fair to become the champion match-maker of the world. After supplying the home market, the Japanese export two thousand five hundred million boxes of lucifer matches, British India alone consuming nearly four million gross. It is melancholy to learn, however, that innumerable tiny children, many of them not much over four years of age, are employed in this dangerous trade. The poor little creatures work twelve hours a-day for about a halfpenny wage.

Special interest attaches to "Marcel Pic's" caricatures of some of the officers of the Royal Irish Rifles, who are under orders for South Africa, and take their departure on Saturday fortnight. The regiment was formerly known as the 83rd Foot, and its nickname in bygone days was "Fitch's Grenadiers," given to it from the small stature of the men and from the first Colonel's name. It was raised in 1793 in Ireland, and few regiments have seen more service, as witness the numerous battles and campaigns it is entitled to inscribe on the Regimental roll. The present visit to South Africa will not be its first acquaintance with the Cape, as in 1806 it assisted in the re-capture of that colony, and again in 1881 it was quartered in Natal.

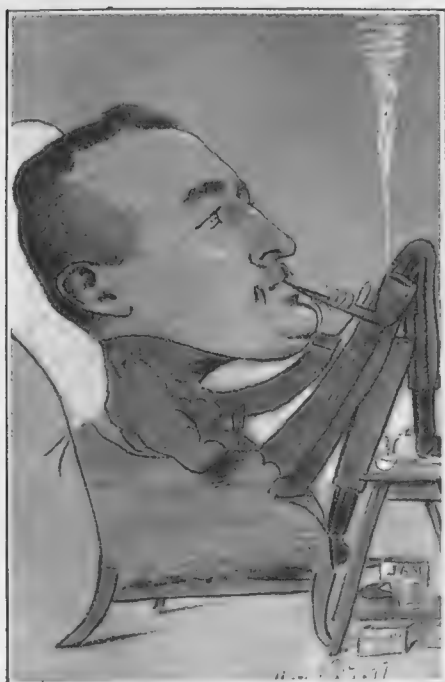
Writing of the Irish Rifles puts me in mind of a story that is supposed to have been told by one of the Tommy Atkinses of another Irish regiment. It relates how, when his regiment was marching past at a



PERVENCHE AND TAMBOUR.
Photo by Horner Settle.

royal review, the following colloquy took place between the Sovereign and himself: "Who's them?" said the Queen, pointing to his regiment. "Thim, your Majesty, is the Royal Oirish," replied Tommy. "Oh!" says the Queen. "Well, them's the boys for me!"

OFFICERS OF THE ROYAL IRISH RIFLES.—By MARCEL PIC.



LIEUT. T. CARSON ("THAMES").



LIEUT. H. G. BRENNAN.
("CIRCUMSTANCES OVER WHICH HE HAS NO CONTROL.")



LIEUT.-COL. C. HAGGARD ("THE CHIEF").



CAPT. R. F. RYAN ("BALLYHOOLEY").



LIEUT. WESTROPP ("TRISTE LUPUS").



2ND LIEUT. SPRAGUE ("THE WICKED ONE").



MAJOR SWAINE ("THE CANTEN PRESIDENT").



CAPT. W. E. O. C. BLUNT ("THE TURK").



2ND LIEUT. MACNAMARA ("ON THE WAR-PATH").

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

THE FALL OF THE CHIRCHESTER ELECT.

BY DOROTHY CONYERS.

"I do hope, my dear, that she is not one of those dreadful New Women."
 "I trust not, indeed."

The Dean of Chirchester peppered his chop with a thoughtful air, and Mrs. Carberry poured out his tea with a hand which absolutely shook from apprehension. Chirchester was a cathedral town which had not travelled apace with the rest of the world. The Chirchestrians prided themselves on their conservative ideas; they disapproved even of tennis, except when played mildly on private grounds, and had played croquet steadily when croquet was dead, with a lordly disregard as to their guests' amusement. Now that it had come in again, they played it joyfully, but still with the old light mallets and wide hoops of their youth. The mothers of Chirchester read the new library-books with horror-stricken looks, and little trickles of guilty enjoyment. Cricket, hunting, and the new "biking," were things their daughters might not do; riding gently along the roads was ladylike and permissible, but the Archdeacon's wife actually blushed when a thoughtless person asked her what safety-habit her daughter wore, for Louisa Holroyd's pretty figure was hidden in an ample garment made by the local tailor, the skirt of which came well below her deepest grievance, her tiny buttoned boots. The Archdeacon's wife was the sternest and most unbending of the "select," as the country people dubbed the Church circle.

The Bishop and his fat, merry wife had no children, and were given to laughing leniently at the vagaries of the New Woman. So it fell on the Archdeacon and the Dean to keep the select circle together, and, though there was a twinkle in the handsome Dean's eye and a swing of his broad shoulders which hinted that he had sometimes played brighter games than croquet, that, as Rudyard Kipling would say, was "another story," and, so far, he and the Archdeacon had been equal to their task.

To-day the Dean was disturbed, as he looked at an open letter on the table. The letter was from a cousin who was obliged to go abroad for an indefinite time on business, and had written asking the Dean if he would give his only daughter a home during his absence. "A bright, pleasant girl; I feel sure you would like her as a companion to your own girl," and if the Dean consented she was to come in a week. How could he say no? He was to be liberally paid for his guest, and her father was an old friend; he must write to say he should be delighted.

"I am glad," said Mrs. Carberry nervously, "that Cissie is away; very glad. More tea, dear," and in sheer absence of mind she watered the teapot from the hot-milk jug, and handed a cup of the strange liquid to the Dean, who looked at it resignedly and rose, for he was an equably tempered man.

"Yes," he said, "it is an excellent thing, for then, if the girl is at all advanced, there will be time to get her into our ways before Cissie returns."

A week later. The Dean and Mrs. Carberry stepped nervously forward as the mail thundered in from London and discharged its living freight on the platform; then their eyes lit joyously on a girl clad in the quietest of travelling-costumes, who was evidently their guest.

"You are Helen Adair?"

"Ah, yes, and you are Mrs. Carberry?" the girl held out her hand, dexterously evading the affectionate peck which the elder lady would have bestowed on her. She was a tall, slim girl, with big, mischievous grey eyes, and peculiarly dainty hands and feet.

"Such a tiresome journey!" she said. "Would you see to my things for me, Mr. Dean? Here is the list," and she vanished in the crowd. The Dean made his way to the luggage compartment, and had just finished his task, when Helen's voice sounded sweet and low at his elbow.

"Everything's there, I see. Would you get a special messenger to wheel this up, or shall I ride it?" She had her hand on a smart Humber, which she was rolling tenderly through the crowd.

If the box next to him had not been a wicker one, the Dean would have sat on it and gasped; as it was, he gasped standing.

"My dear, a bicycle," he said weakly. A bicycle in the innermost circle of the select!

Helen Adair caught the stony despair in Mrs. Carberry's eyes, and saw the Dean's flushed cheek, and her eyes danced suddenly as she took in the situation.

"Don't you ride one, either of you?" she said sweetly. "Perhaps I'd better ride it up; I'm very precious of it."

A girl on a bicycle following the Deanery carriage! The Dean gasped again, and gave some hasty orders to a porter, and Helen was bundled into the wagonette, her eyes looking somewhat anxiously back at her precious Humber.

Between her natural kindness and her horror at receiving a New Woman into her home, Mrs. Carberry spent a restless evening, for they soon gathered that Helen hunted and fished and shot, and yet she spoke of none of those things, but drew the Dean into an animated discussion on the Transvaal Question at dinner, and told Mrs. Carberry of the latest things in chiffons afterwards. The Dean could not help thinking he had not spent such a pleasant evening for a long time, and Mrs. Carberry would have agreed with him had it not been for the metal steed reposing in the front hall. As it was, she thought of the austere Archdeacon and his wife, of Mrs. Green the doctor's wife, and others, and she sighed occasionally.

Mrs. Holroyd hastened to call next day, and came in with heightened colour, having passed the wheeled monster in the hall.

"You must put your foot down," she said sternly, drowning some weak defence of Mrs. Carberry as to everyone riding now. "Remember, my dear, no half-measures; she *must* not use it *here*."

Then Helen came in, and matters might have run smoothly had they not begun to discuss with bated breath one of the newest books, and Helen joined in carelessly. "It's rather clever," she said.

Mrs. Holroyd dropped her glasses with a clatter. "You—have—read—that—book," she said, dropping each word out slowly.

"Oh, yes," Helen smiled. "It is a very ordinary book, you know. I rather agree with the authoress."

Mrs. Holroyd rose slowly; she could only show how shocked she was by withdrawing her stately presence. "No, thank you, Mrs. Carberry," she said; "I cannot stay for tea this evening. Good afternoon, Miss Adair. I cannot understand what your father must have been thinking of to allow you even to hear that book's name." And, not without an inkling that her last sentence was slightly overdrawn, she withdrew, leaving Helen to laugh muchly at her antiquated ideas. And cowardly Mrs. Carberry forgot to defend her.

There gradually came a rift from that time among the select; the girls murmured openly because they were not allowed to ride bicycles; they groaned enviously when they saw Helen's numerous tennis prizes. And Louisa Holroyd was said to have wept bitterly when she saw Helen riding in a smart covert-coating habit, and caught a glimpse of the neat "tops" which just showed below the skirt. The elders, to quell the rebellion, were stricter even than usual to their daughters, and prided themselves more than ever on their customs not being as other men's.

Mrs. Carberry was "at home" to the surrounding county and town; croquet was being played on the trimly kept lawn, archery, bowls, even Aunt Sally in a far-away corner, where shouts of unseemly laughter were smothered by surrounding shrubs. Everyone had come, the day was cloudless, and Mrs. Carberry felt it was all a tremendous success.

Nearly everyone had gone in to tea; only Helen and two flannel-clad young men were on the croquet-lawn, aimlessly hitting the balls about. They had voted the tea-room too hot to bear.

"Stupid game, isn't it?" said one of the men, as he missed a hoop and hit the ball away in disgust.

"Yes, isn't it?" said Helen; "and," regretfully, "what a lovely cricket-ground it would make! I haven't played for ages—no one does here."

"Oh, lots of the county girls do. Look here. I came on from a cricket-practice. I've bats and a ball stuck in the trees over there; let's have up these hoops, and I'll bowl to you."

Helen was delighted, and in a moment walking-sticks and an umbrella represented the wickets, and Helen was hitting distinctly easy balls in all directions. The Dean's portly figure appeared at the end of the walk. He stood still, amazed.

"Cricket, Helen!" he exclaimed, laughing. "If Mrs. Holroyd saw you! Have you seen a parasol anywhere? Old Lady Damer sent me to look for hers; it's all real lace, and she's anxious about it."

"No, I haven't. I say, Uncle Jos (she had long ago said Mr. Dean was too formal), bowl me a ball; they can't get me out," nodding contemptuously at the two officers. A distinctly ungrateful speech, considering they had been only endeavouring to leave her in.

The Dean's fingers closed mechanically on the leather-covered ball which Captain Elton handed to him. The trim lawn faded away, and he heard again the triumphant yells of his side at Oxford, when, with the victory apparently a certainty for the others, he had bowled three men for three balls (commonly called the "hat trick"), and had left his side victors by two runs. He stepped carefully up to the walking-stick which marked the second wicket, flourished his arm once or twice, and bowled. It was a nasty, slow ball, breaking in, and Helen's off-stump went down with a crash.

"What a splendid ball!" exclaimed the two men, and Helen clamoured for more, "for practice." The Dean laughed triumphantly. Then Helen suddenly exclaimed, "Let's have a match, Uncle Jos, Church versus State; I'm sure we could beat those two," and, before the Dean knew where he was, they had tossed for going in, and he found himself bowling vigorously at Captain Elton, who, armed with a rake-handle, was at the wickets.

"It is very hot," he gasped, and, looking round guiltily, he quickly flung his black coat on to the grass, and flew to try to catch a ball which Captain Elton had returned to him. Then he stood appalled, for the Bishop's voice came to his ears, and, turning, he saw the Bishop and his wife standing close behind him. "Cricket!" The Bishop's pale, intellectual face was full of laughter as he saw the Dean, coatless and breathless, flying for the ball. "I thought this was strictly forbidden."

"Oh, my lord, come and umpire; we want one badly," called out Helen, quite unabashed; and the Dean, who had stood still, horror-stricken, picked up the ball again when he saw the lenient expression on the episcopal face, and saw the Bishop move in to umpire; while Mrs. Howard sat down on a bench and absolutely shook with merriment. Cricket in the Dean's garden, it was too amusing!

By dint of what Helen called poking, the two soldiers had made



*So when that Angel of the darker Drink
At last shall find you by the river-brink,
And, offering his Cup, invite your Soul
Forth to your Lips to quaff—you shall not shrink.*

—FITZGERALD'S TRANSLATION OF "THE RUBAYAT."

fifteen runs, and then Helen took her place at the wickets. She was really a fair lady cricketer, and, as fielders were scarce, she ran up the score to eleven in a few minutes, retiring with a cry of disgust as Captain Elton caught her out cleverly with his left hand.

"Now, Mr. Dean," the Bishop's wife called out impatiently, as the Dean stood hesitating; "go in; there's no one to see."

And the Dean went in. A rake-handle is not the best of bats, but the Dean made a mighty smite, caught the ball on the half-volley, and away it went over all their heads into a clump of bushes. Once, twice, thrice, did the Dean fly to the stick and back—his breath was gone, his face was scarlet—four times.

"I can't go again," he gasped piteously.

"You must!"—Helen had set her heart on winning. "One more and we win; run, Uncle Jos, run!" But the delay was almost fatal, for, as the Dean turned for the run back, Captain Elton flung in the ball.

"Run on!" cried the Bishop's wife. "Oh, do hurry!"

"Out!" cried Mr. Ely, banging down a walking-stick.

"Oh no; in!" said Helen.

The Dean had no breath to argue with.

"In or out, my lord?" the rivals appealed both together to the Bishop, who was holding his sides as he laughed; but then, what a sight met their eyes as they turned! The whole of the Dean's large party stood looking on, on the edge of the ground, led by Mrs. Holroyd, and what had they seen as they came up? The Dean, their Dean, flying, coatless and hatless, up and down, playing cricket in the sacred precincts of the Deanery, and the Bishop cheering him and laughing. How could the select ever hold up their heads again, and before all the county, too—the county which they had so often lectured on its advanced ways? Mrs. Holroyd looked round in stony despair, words that were too bitter to utter trembling on her lips.

The Dean hurriedly picked up his coat and hid as much of his breathless person inside it as was possible. The Bishop had decided that he was fairly in, so his triumph enabled him to face without flinching the glare in the eyes of his circle and his wife's piteous face.

"My para-ol, Mr. Dean?" said Lady Damer, smiling; "you appear to have forgotten it."

"I am so sorry," stammered the Dean; "it wasn't here, and I——"

Lady Damer put up her pince-nez doubtfully. "I really believe," she said; "yes, indeed—why, you were using it as a wicket," and she fished the middle stump, which was adorned with lace, out of the ground.

Mrs. Carberry groaned audibly.

"It was my fault," exclaimed Helen; "I never looked at it."

"Never mind, my dear," said the old lady, laughing; "you must come out and play cricket with my grandchildren. We'll get up a match, Mrs. Carberry, as you don't object to cricket now. Let me see, shall we say next week—Thursday?" and Mrs. Carberry said "Yes."

The fall of the select was complete, for they picked sides and played more cricket that same afternoon (minus the Dean); Mrs. Holroyd accepted her defeat, and was silent even when Alicia Holroyd announced openly that she must come up to try a ride on Helen's bicycle. Only Louisa Holroyd sat away and spoke no rebellious words, but she was deciding what colour her new habit would be, and whether she would buy brown top-boots or black.

TOLD BY A BOOKMAKER'S TOUT.

"Easy job, you say? Well, I don't know so much about that. The work itself may be easy enough, but the worry and anxiety makes up for it," observed a shabbily dressed man of middle-age to the writer on a recent afternoon. "You see," he continued, "the guv'nor employs two men besides myself to collect betting-papers and pay out winnings, and pays us according to results. Well, my 'round' includes a big public-house, and now and then a customer who 'uses' it happens to know of a good thing, and doesn't hesitate to put the other backers there on it. The consequence is, their shillings go on this 'dead cert,' and, if it comes off at four or five to one against, my book shows little, if any, profit on the day's racing."

"Some bookmakers pay their touts a percentage on the takings, no matter whether the whole amount has to be paid out to lucky punters next day or not. But my employer isn't so generous. I collect clients' betting-slips from noon till just before the last race, and take them all to the guv'nor's house; then, when the evening paper arrives, the day's bets are compared with the racing results and the 'paying-out' book is made up. The amount in this is deducted from the takings, and I get paid my commission on the profit—two shillings in the pound. Sometimes this arrangement is all right; there may be a balance of eight pounds or so to the good, and, in that case, I get sixteen shillings—not at all a bad day's pay, is it? But, on the other hand, backers' fancies may have romped home winners one after the other, which means, of course, a bad day for the guv'nor, and only a shilling or two for me."

"There are a lot of temptations in my job, too. When I first started, and had money handed to me to go on horses which I considered stood no earthly chance of winning, I thought I'd put one or two small stakes into my private pocket, and take over the responsibility myself. Well, I made a few shillings safe enough, and then one day a rank outsider in a big handicap was backed for half-a-crown. Thinking the punter was simply throwing his money away, I put the stake in my pocket, thus taking over what I reckoned to be a very slight risk. The animal in question won, however, at 16 to 1 against; and, when I had to fork out these long odds on the following morning, I was quite cured of bookmaking on my own account, I can tell you."

WHAT IS THE BYRON SOCIETY?

THE POET AS HELLENIC LIBERATOR.

The Byron Society! Recently the name has been frequent and familiar in the newspapers, now in connection with a public meeting, again at the end of a letter or an appeal. Thus people have come to ask the question which is given above—What is the Byron Society and what its objects? Its history is short; its mission is broad. Both were detailed to me (writes a *Sketch* representative) by Mr. Edward Atkin in the course of a talk. It will be seen why I went to him for the information, and why he was one of the people best able to give it.

"In the autumn of '95," he said, "while staying at Venice with a Greek friend, we were guests one evening in a house next to the one in which Robert Browning lived. Naturally we began to talk about Browning, his place as an English poet, and so on. A point in the conversation was the effect which the Browning Society had exercised in making the poet a wider following, in helping to establish his great position. Then we drifted into the Eastern Question, and recalled how Byron had written some of his most interesting letters from San Lazzaro, Venice. 'Why,' I remarked, 'should we not found a Byron Society, and appeal to all nations and all creeds to join in rescuing the victims of Turkish misrule from rapine, torture, outrage, and death?'"

"Then you did not mean an organised movement merely for the critical study of Byron—a literary organisation on the same lines as the Browning Society?"

"Oh no; not a Byron Society in that sense—and here was just the difference—but an organisation which should carry on Byron's great work for the liberation of the Hellenic race. Everybody is familiar with the magnificent impetus which Byron gave to the realisation of Greek freedom, with what he achieved, and how he practically sacrificed his life in the cause. Byron's influence as a Hellenic liberator was enduring; the tradition woven round his name still retained life and force; there were Giaours who still remained in bondage. Why not make the Byron tradition a common rallying-ground on which such work might be attempted as Byron would have laboured at were he still with us?"

"In a word, your idea was to make Byronism—Byron's Philhellenism—a living factor in the affairs of the present time?"

"Quite so. In England and in Italy the influence of his poems, as it seemed to one, must be an inspiring text. You understand clearly that there was no question of politics involved. Everybody could meet on the common ground of human liberty, the greatest and the most sacred of all causes. It was a humanitarian effort, not a political one in any sense, and in that lay everything. Very well; when I returned to England, after visiting Naples, where the idea was well received, I mentioned the matter to several friends, and they cordially sympathised with it. In particular, it was supported by Bishop Douglas of Aberdeen, who is a great friend of the Oriental Christians, and by Lady Stevenson. A provisional committee was got together, and our first action was to issue circulars appealing for funds to relieve the suffering Armenians and Cretans."

"In what state is the Society now, fully developed or only partially so?"

"It is emerging from the provisional stage. We are developing it on a larger basis, and hope to make it useful all round. Bishop Douglas is the President; and the supporters of the Society include Mr. James Bryce, Mr. Herbert Gladstone, Sir R. T. Reid, Mr. William Allan, Dean Stephens, Mr. Gennadius, Professor Agar Beet, Mr. F. S. Stevenson, Mr. Yoxall, Canon McColl, Mr. Arthur O'Connor, and others, irrespective of party. All lovers of liberty must hold that the world will be a better and a happier place when the last Giaour has been freed from the Ottoman yoke. There must be few who do not believe that it is the mission and the duty of Britain—so free herself—to bring freedom to other races. That is the keynote of all that Byron sang for Greece, and all may unite as men, not as party politicians, in the name of justice and liberty."

"Then you don't concern yourself with Byron in the literary sense?"

"Not in the way the Browning Society concerns itself with Browning's verse—in the study of Byron from the literary standpoint. We want cheap editions of his works widely distributed abroad—for example, we think of having some of his songs of liberty translated into Bulgarian and Serbian. To the Greeks, alike in Greece, in Macedonia, and elsewhere, Byron's name is, of course, a household word. It would be strange, indeed, if it were not so, seeing his devotion to the liberation of that ancient race. One time and another there has been much controversy as to Byron's private character and his domestic troubles. With that, again, we have nothing whatever to do, because it has no reference to his work on behalf of Hellenic freedom."

"Naturally, you are aware of the present-time revival in Byron literature?"

"Oh, certainly. And clearly the literary revival must be an assistance to our endeavour, as ours perhaps may form something of a stimulus to it. If English-speaking people are to renew their interest in Byron's verse as verse, in his letters, in his writings generally, then the human message of Byron must also be to the front. You may view him in the one respect or the other, but the two are intermingled."

"Do you mean to form provincial branches of the Byron Society?"

"No, I hardly think so. A branch has, however, been formed in New Zealand, and a gentleman in Scotland has written expressing his wish to open a branch there, and some American friends are founding a transatlantic branch. Those facts are gratifying, because they are



GREECE IS GRATEFUL TO A GREAT ENGLISHMAN: THE STATUE OF LORD BYRON AT ATHENS.

evidences of what may be done on the lines of the Byron Society, even from one modest centre. An idea which is educative, more than anything else, should be its own good herald. We are still in our infancy, and know not what the future may have in store for the work."

"Has there never been a Byron Society before? Surely it would be strange if there had not."

"Not in England, so far as I know. There are many Philhellenic societies in Europe and America, but not apparently a Byron Society so-called or with just the same aim. And, by-the-by, I had forgotten to mention that we are getting a well-known Churchman to deliver a lecture on Byron. You'll come to it, won't you?"

Such is Mr. Atkin's story of the Byron Society.

"THE PRINCESS AND THE BUTTERFLY."

THE STORY OF THE PLAY.

"Those who love deep never grow old; they may die of age, but they die young, and real love cannot see age." That is the charming basis of the unions of Fay Zuliani and Sir George Lamorant, who was old enough to be her father, and of the Princess Pannonia and her youthful sweetheart Edward Oriol. Yet ere these unions came about the lovers had many doubts and trials.

Fay the fanciful was of an unhappy origin. Her real name was Lucia Bresca; but when she was a babe, Flavio Zuliani, "a flashy Italian" and "a black brute," adopted her fraudulently and passed her off as Fay, in order not to forfeit the allowance he was to receive during Fay's life. For Sir George and his brother Rupert believed that Fay was Rupert's natural child, and therefore paid Zuliani for her maintenance. With "the flashy Italian" the little unwitting impostor saw the seamy side of life in all the big cities of the world, becoming a true cosmopolitan. When Rupert died, Sir George took her away from "the black brute," and sent her to a polishing school. When she reached the age of nineteen, Fay was "a dainty, charming thing, and astoundingly artless considering—" She used to call Lamorant "Uncle George" when they were alone, "without the tremor of an eyelash." Now, Sir George took a great fancy to his irregular niece, and, anxious to find a home for her, asked the Princess Pannonia to take charge of her. Laura, the Princess, was a charming widow of forty, who had wasted twenty years shut up with a very elderly husband in the country; his death had upon her something of the effect of the opening of the prison-door to the ancient prisoner of the story who was horrified by his liberty. Life seemed very empty to her. Moreover, if Rupert had been rich, Laura would have married him. So when Sir George suggested that she should take charge of Fay she was quite delighted.

Consequently, Miss Fay Zuliani became a member of the household of the Princess, and, despite her natural sweetness of character, a troublesome, mischievous, self-willed member, somewhat excessively burdened with the desire for pleasure and amusement. Indeed, a simple phrase of hers may well be quoted: "Eaven is very good, no doubt, but it does not provide me vit sufficient amusement." So she was guilty of some daring escapades, though in the worst of them she contrived to take care of herself. Perhaps the most serious was her clandestine visit, accompanied by another girl, to a *bal masqué* at the Paris Opera House. This took place on the night of a reception at the Elysée. Now, this night was very eventful.

In the first place, the Princess received an offer of marriage from Edward Oriol, and, though she rejected him firmly, his passionate pleading kindled a flame in her heart. The next thing was that Sir George made her an offer of marriage, founded avowedly on respect and friendship, not love, and she insisted upon giving herself a month for reflection. This month she determined to devote to a Platonic playing at youth, love, and happiness with Oriol.

At about four o'clock next morning Sir George was engaged seriously. He was about to fight a duel with a Frenchman—a duel caused, but not culpably, by Fay, and his preparations were complicated by the fact that he had discovered the fraud about Fay, and that there was no blood-tie between her and him. The girl, stealing into the house, in Harlequin costume, from the ball, was caught by Sir George, who began by rebuking her severely for her folly. Then he told her of the discovery that he had made concerning her parentage. This caused a great upheaval of emotion in her bosom. Accident disclosed to her that Sir George was going to fight, and that the duel was due to her. For those two alone in the early morn together years' changes were passing in minutes, and family affection was giving place to simple human love.

Sir George went to his duel and got wounded in the arm. The Princess, Fay, and other charming women nursed him, and he had a delightful month for which a slight sword-thrust was no great price. Yet, as the month went by trouble came; for he was pledged to the Princess, but his heart belonged wholly to Fay, and she had given hers in exchange. Moreover, he fancied that a wedding with her would be a folly more costly to the young girl than to the middle-aged man. But when he told Fay of his offer to the Princess and heard her simple words, "Those who love deep never grow old; they may die of age, but they die young, and real love cannot see age," he was terribly shaken.

The Princess came to see him, to give her decision. She was utterly miserable at the thought of giving up Edward, yet firm, since she thought that marriage would be folly. So she accepted Sir George, and both were utterly unhappy and confessed their little weaknesses. When Sir George repeated to the Princess the words of Fay, they both took heart, decided that their marriage with one another would be madness, put an end to the irksome engagement, and ran away after their true sweethearts.

A poetic, fantastic piece, towards the close full of beauty; possibly somewhat slow and puzzling at first, yet giving, in the end, scenes perhaps more delightful than for many years have been presented in a new work. Moreover, in the part of Fay there is much of the fascination of Mignon, and the stage has not for a long time seen such a dainty, charming sprite. Luckily, Miss Fay Davis played the difficult part with extraordinary skill and charm; indeed, so great was her triumph that she really put all the rest of the big company somewhat in the shade, though some, notably Mr. H. V. Esmond, Miss Leclercq, Mr. Royston, and Miss Granville, did admirable work.

IN THE STALLS.

AT THE ST. JAMES'S.

SHE. What a relief to get a real play again, with real people one can recognise and understand, thinking and feeling as one does oneself, and wearing frocks one would give anything to have thought of! That's why I love Mr. Pincro's plays; they awaken every sense in us; they make one feel so alive.

HE. Now, you know, beautiful as I find Pincro's art, exquisitely and wittily as he writes, what appeals to me in this play is not the reality you perceive, but the romance, the illusion, the fantasy. Why, the very title is a fairy-tale. "The Princess and the Butterfly; or, the Fantastics." I love a play to make me dream.

SHE. What *you*, at—let me remember—forty-five?

HE. Yes, exactly Sir George Lamorant's age. Yet I don't find Bond Street and Piccadilly paved with tombstones. On the contrary, it always makes me feel younger, positively younger, to see the roadway under repair; a new wood pavement is to me as the budding of another Spring, while to outlive a chemist's shop has in it a delicious relish of immortality.

SHE. And your old friends dead or growing old?

HE. All the more reason for me to feel younger, robuster.

SHE. And when *your* club has no more '84 champagne left?

HE. I shall cultivate a preference for '89.

SHE. You were not always such an optimist.

HE. I was not always forty-five. Perpetual illusion, fantasy, is the philosopher's stone of middle-age, and I flatter myself I have found it.

SHE. Illusion? Don't talk of illusions—they frighten me. I had them badly when I was a girl. My married life killed them, and now I want reality. I want, like Princess Pannonia, to fight off this approaching demon of middle-age. I've only a few years more, and I want to *live* them youthfully. Fancy, how awful to reach that wretched second stage of a woman's life that Mrs. St. Roche spoke of just now, when she has to *exact* devotion!

HE. *You* will always command it. But, my dear Mrs. Willoweed, I'd wager that idea would not have disturbed you—at least, for many years to come—if the diabolical realism of the dramatist had not put it into the mouth of that vain woman fighting for a man's worthless admiration.

SHE. But Mrs. St. Roche loves that young man Denstroude.

HE. Not she. She is only feeding her own vanity.

SHE. But isn't that what we all do in our struggle to keep young?

HE. But why struggle? An illusion can only endure if it be frankly realised as an illusion; to believe it a reality is to make sure of disillusion—unhappiness. For my part, I see more true philosophy in the frank make-believe of that attitudinising Regency young man, Adrian Mylls, or even in the belated juvenility of the young man with the toys, than in the hypochondriacal pessimism of Sir George Lamorant, the so-called Butterfly. The children's "Let's pretend" is the true philosophy of happiness.

SHE. You miss the point of this delightful play, I think—that real love keeps us ever young, that age does not matter where love is.

HE. Charming! And so the Princess of forty marries a young man of seven-and-twenty, and the Butterfly—can you ever imagine that man a Butterfly?—of forty-five selects as a panacea for his valetudinarianism and pessimism, as a flower to plant over his Bond Street tombstones, a volatile, passionate girl of nineteen! And do you imagine they will be as happy as those delightful old lovers, Sir Robert and Lady Chichele? Can you not imagine the Princess, after her honeymoon, day by day looking with terror at herself in the glass, fighting each insidious crow's-foot with the newest cosmetic, pinching her waist more and more, asking herself fearfully whether her young husband will notice it, and watching anxiously to see if he does, never feeling sure that he doesn't, and that it isn't making him look more at younger women? Why, the very dread will age her.

SHE. But this is sheer pessimism—and you said it was the romance, not the realism, of this lovely play that appealed to you.

HE. Yes; if they would only go on loving under the apple-blossoms, letting this beautiful orchard be their enchanted Forest of Arden, perpetuating their illusions, and keeping the world young. But in the act, after curtain-fall, the act we shall never see, they will forget that they are fantasies; the Princess will get her maid to do up her hair, Sir George will no longer match his clothes with the red-brick trysting-places in the old orchard, and they will all be prosily married at the Consulate in Paris, and live realistically ever after.

SHE. What would you have them do?

HE. Do? Why go on pretending to be all young lovers of an age—during that sixth act that we may see only in our fancy.

SHE. But even this most enchanting of comedies must come to an end some time, and is not marriage the natural end of a romance?

HE. No; that is what I quarrel with. The natural end of a romance is—another romance. To realise that is one way to continue unconscious of the years.

SHE. And that is the way you avoid the tombstones of Bond Street?

HE. Another is to meet the women one has loved ten years before, and find them looking as young and charming as ever.

SHE. Butterfly! As an old friend, I would have spared you the trouble of paying that fossil compliment. So you have not forgotten our little comedy of ten years ago? Tell me, don't you think Julia Neilson looks very beautiful as the forty-year-old Princess?

HE. Very, very beautiful; and how convincingly she suggests a woman really in love, really wanting to be loved!

SHE. And could you love her—at that age I mean, as passionately as you could that bewitching little genius, Fay Davis, as the Zuliani girl of nineteen?

HE. Most certainly, if I might be permitted to regard her as a reincarnation of yourself.

SHE. Perhaps I could love him if he would sometimes wear that fascinating fool's-cap in London and Paris, and now and then return to that Fontenay orchard of dreams and romance.

HE. He is forty-five, remember—*my* age!

SHE. And I. Ha, ha! The play has infected us.

HE. The play is beautiful, wonderful; it has magic; it has made us quite young again—and real.



MR. A. W. PINERO.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY J. CASWALL SMITH, OXFORD STREET, W.

SHE. And that is illusion!

HE. The only love that keeps one young. And you? Does that belated amorist, Sir George, with his middle-aged pessimism, suggest to you any possibilities of love and romance?

SHE. George Alexander is always charming.

HE. But could you love him—Sir George Lamorant, I mean—or would the more passionate youth of Edward Oriel—?

SHE. No; we *are* fantasies, after all.

HE. All the delightful people are fantasies; they are the only people who really know how to live. Bravo! Author! Pinero! Bravissimo! Alexander! Miss Neilson! Miss Davis! Bravo! Bravo! You will let me drive you home, my dear Mrs. Willoweed?

SHE. With pleasure, but you may call me by the old name. And you must come to lunch to-morrow to talk over—the play.

M. C. S.

THE DUMPIES

FRANK YER-BECK,
DISCOVERER.
ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE,
HISTORIAN.

[Copyrighted by The Sketch.]

SIR 'POSSUM'S DISCOVERY.

A week had gone merrily by since the friends of the Dumpy people had brought their mates to the Land of Low Mountains.

One morning Sir 'Possum had a slight tiff with Lady P., and sallied forth to reflect upon the fact that she had called him a bare-tailed, faint-hearted runaway, and several other things more or less personal.

As he drew near the outer gates he overtook the Rabbit, who also had a downcast look. He explained to Sir 'Possum that, it being wash-day at home, he had found it less frosty in the open air, although, for an April morning, it was quite cold. Together they went into the deep forest. Suddenly Sir 'Possum gave a cry of joy. The timid Rabbit looked startled.

"Oh! what is it?" he exclaimed.

"Look! Just above your head!" cried the 'Possum. "A bag of honey!"

Sure enough, hanging to the limb of a tree by a slender support was what appeared to be a large, grey, honey-combed bag—a hornet's nest, though the friends did not know it.

"Oh, let's carry it to the Dumpling!"

shouted the Rabbit. "He will confer honour upon us for bringing in a prize, and our wives will be proud of us."

The record drops into poetry at this point.

"The very thing!" Sir 'Possum laughed,
Then deftly climbed the tree,
And gaily brought the treasure down,
"A royal prize," quoth he.

"To please the Dumpling and our wives
I'm sure we cannot fail."

"To make it safe," the Rabbit said,
"I'll tie it to your tail."



And then a countless stinging band
Came pouring from the nest.
The friends set out for Dumpy
Land—
The hornets did the rest.

They reached the gates and tumbled
through
Into a Dumpy crowd—
While still above them thickly
flew
The fierce and stinging cloud.

And when the Dumpies saw them come,
They fled in wild dismay;
And when the She-bear heard the hum
She also went away.

While chasing them, the hornets stung
At everything in sight.
The loud Disaster bells were rung
In Dumpy Land that night.



And when with dark the pests had flown,
The Rabbit and Sir 'P.
Were dragged before the Dumpling's throne,
A mournful sight to see.

And when the Dumpling heard the tale,
Quoth he, "Now, by my crown,
I'll give them twenty days in jail
To get the swelling down."



No sooner said than done, and then
They started side by side;
The treasure to Sir 'Possum's tail
Was most securely tied.

But an argument soon arose as to who was entitled to the most praise from the King.

"I saw it first," said the 'Possum; "don't forget that."

"But I thought about carrying it to the Dumpling first," argued the Rabbit.

"Yes," returned the 'Possum, "but I climbed the tree."

"But I said, to tie it to your tail."

"Yes, but it was my tail, and I'm carrying it, which is more than you could do," and the 'Possum flung a scornful glance at the bunch of cotton that the Rabbit wore instead of a tail.

"B—but I—I tied it on," cried the Rabbit, who felt that he was getting the worst of it; "and I—I wouldn't say much a—about tails, either, if I were you."

"Shut up!" cried the 'Possum, and with a dexterous swing he landed his burden with such a whack against the Rabbit that it sent him sprawling.

Meantime the sun had warmed up the bag, and when it struck the Rabbit something happened.

Oh, then from out their honeyed prize
There buzzed a fierce complaint—
The Rabbit uttered startled cries—
Sir 'P. forgot to faint.

To drop his load he wildly tried,
But found it was no use;
Too well the Rabbit's knot was tied,
He could not shake it loose.

"It is all your fault," groaned the Rabbit, as they were led away;
"you saw it first, you know."

"Oh, yes," was the sarcastic reply, "and you said to bring it home, you remember, so that our wives would be proud of us."

"But you carried it," retorted the Rabbit miserably.



"Of course, when you tied it to my tail," snarled Sir 'Possum.
At this the Rabbit almost forgot his sorrow.
"But it was your tail, you know," he grinned; "and I did a good job, too, didn't I?"

THE ART OF THE DAY.

As a rule, text-books of anatomy are the very dullest, driest sort of literature extant. At any rate, such is the case with works designed for physicians and veterinary surgeons; but artists, as a rule, deal with anatomy in a much more entertaining manner. Mr. Cecil Brown's work, dealing with "The Horse in Art and Nature" (Chapman and Hall), is now appearing in parts, and will form as lucid and interesting an introduction to the anatomy of the horse as the most fastidious art student could desire. It appears before the public with a recommendation from Mr. Onslow Ford, R.A., and that is the best guarantee it could receive of the accuracy and truth of Mr. Brown's methods. Besides being an artist, the author is evidently also a first-rate judge of horseflesh, whether it appear in the form of a Shire stallion or a percheron. In fact, it may be said that Mr. Brown's work will form a very valuable addition to the general literature on the horse, and may be consulted with advantage by more than artists.

lacks spirit, vitality, and the curious sentiment of hidden energy which should inform all true art. A Pierrot by Van Beers, and a noble figure-subject by Sir John Gilbert, "Crabbed Age and Youth," and an interesting Newhys, "The Fisherman's Family," also deserve mention.

The Royal Society of British Artists has a fairly attractive, if not particularly stimulating, exhibition this spring. Mr. Manuel sends what is perhaps the cleverest picture, although it lacks refinement, "The Circus Girl," and Mr. Noble Barlow has in his "Dorset Meadows" proved himself to be the possessor of an eye that sees landscape in a fine generalisation, and not, after the fashion of the common tourist, in patches and pieces. The general effect of this picture is one of great calmness and of breadth. A little too obviously sought after is precisely the same effect as this in Mr. Fred Miller's "Morning Dew," which, nevertheless, is a work of considerable merit, if it errs a little in its conscious monotony.



A TALE OF THE WARS.—FRED M. EVANS.

EXHIBITED AT THE ROYAL INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS.

A sufficiently obvious sentiment, but an agreeable way of putting it, is the verdict which one must needs pass upon the picture by Mr. Fred M. Evans, "A Tale of the Wars," in the Gallery of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water-Colours, and reproduced here this week. An old pensioner is seated by the fire and recounts his experiences to three generations of listeners, an old woman, a young woman, and a boy. The details of the scene are simple and homely; there is no elaboration, and the dramatic character of the various listeners is sincere, and without any of the exaggeration which would inevitably spoil, or at least, weaken, the telling of the story.

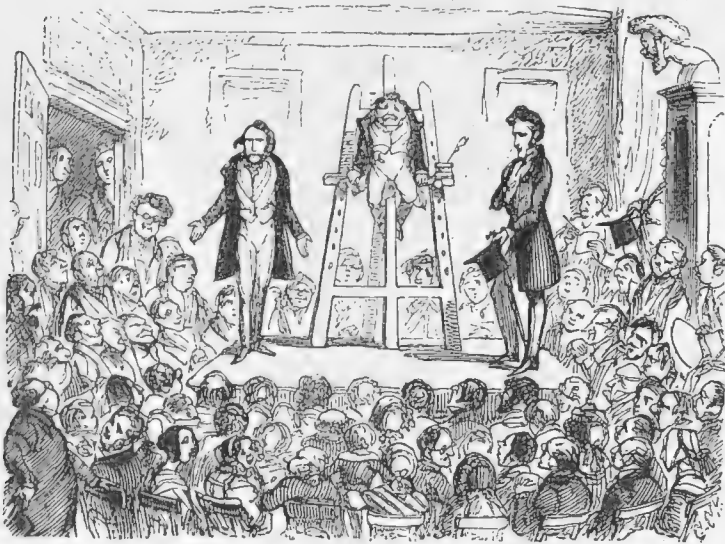
The show on view now at Mr. MacLean's Gallery is, taken as a whole, unequal, but has also some exceedingly fine things in it. The best picture is probably Schreyer's "Arab Lion-Hunters," which is chiefly remarkable for its beauty of colour and for the astonishingly graceful outlook which the painter shows himself to possess towards the objective world. The sky, the shrubs, everything is seen by a true poet, who knows how to translate his vision into lovely pictorial terms. Bouguereau's "Spring" is a perfectly polished picture, faultless in its completeness, and not without tenderness of sentiment; but it utterly

lacks spirit, vitality, and the curious sentiment of hidden energy which should inform all true art. Mr. Montague Smyth's landscapes, well described by a keen critic as "grey Mesdag-inspired studies of Holland," are excellent in their way, although one longs perhaps for a little brilliance; and Miss Bland, in her "Harvest," at all events justifies her choice of profession, for she is certainly extremely clever, and knows how to use her brush with skill and a just sense of colour. The rest of the exhibition contains nothing perhaps that is clearly undesirable, and maintains a very fair average of merit.

It appears from the codicil of the will of Lady Wallace, read aloud by Mr. Balfour the other day in the House of Commons, that a new museum will have to be built for housing the splendid collection of the late Marquis of Hertford. Mr. Balfour gave no details, but he, of course, implied that the Government was prepared to accept the conditions. It is to be hoped, therefore, that, with this opportunity, London will be permanently enriched by the addition of a really interesting building worthy of the treasures which it is destined to contain. The greatest care in the selection of both site and architect may be expected from those in responsibility, but blunders are always possible in this workaday world, and one does not care to be too sanguine.

GEORGE CRUIKSHANK'S HUMOUR.

The popularity as an artist which George Cruikshank acquired during his lifetime shows little signs of waning, although the style of his caricature finds no imitators in the present day. He occupies, as it were, a middle place between the coarse brutality of Rowlandson and



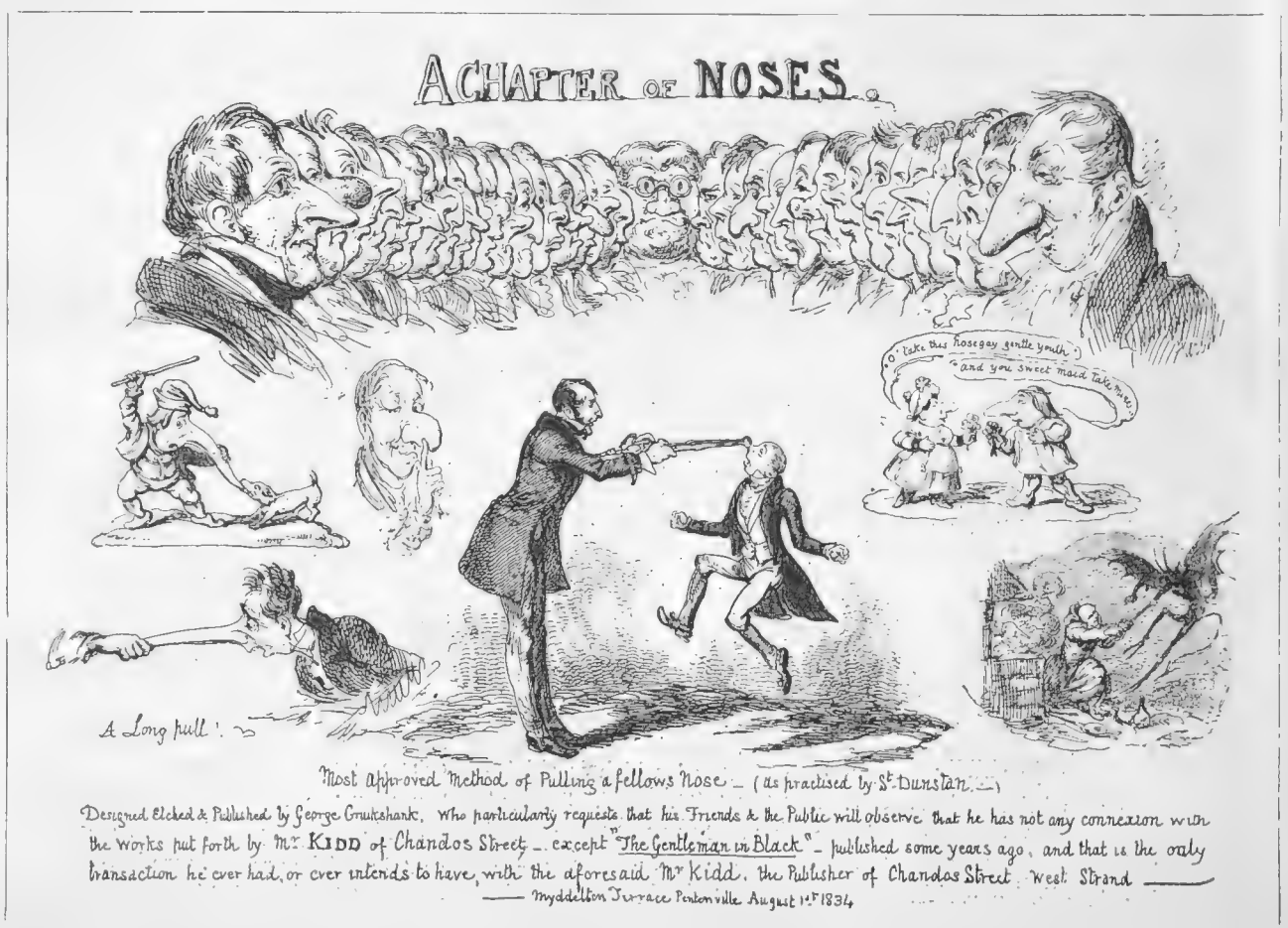
the domesticity of Leech or the refined Bohemianism of Charles Keene. With the more recent phases of social caricature he was scarcely, if at all, in touch, for he cared more for incident than for allusion. The most recent contribution to the Cruikshank bibliography is Mr. G. S. Layard's "George Cruikshank's Portraits of Himself" (W. T. Spencer), a pleasantly written and admirably illustrated study of the numerous tributes paid by the artist to his own person. Few if any artists ever exceeded "Glorious George" in genial, overbrimming vanity and self-complacency. He was never quite happy if he was not the most prominent personage of the passing show; and as this could only be when he was showman, it is to his own works that we turn. Mr. Layard arranges the Cruikshank portraits under three heads—the Permanent and Acknowledged, the Permanent and Unacknowledged, and the Ephemeral and Autobiographical. The distinction is somewhat arbitrary, and the writer's arguments are not always convincing; but his arrangement carries conviction by the fact that two-thirds of his space is devoted to the first group. From his earliest youth, when, at the age of twelve (in 1804), he designed the Children's Lottery Print, down to the year 1860, when "he fired off his pop-gun" in defence of the British Volunteers, he always had himself before his eyes, not from motives of economy, but from sheer vanity. His great delight was *de faire le coq*, and it mattered little to him where or in what company, whether among a procession of "out-of-works," or discussing political pamphlets with Hone, or advertising his quarrels with his publishers, Brooks and Kidd. Of course, in all his own ephemeral publications he figured on every title-page, and every number of the Sketch-Book, the Christmas and the Comic Almanacs contained some trace of his personality, and always under the most attractive lineaments. He was, even in his later life, a man of striking appearance, with marvellous, piercing eyes, and a nose which, although strongly marked, was not obtrusive. His vanity showed itself most in the strong contrast he made between the portraits of himself and of his

companions, real or imaginary. Mr. Layard, following the lead of Mr. Austin Dobson, rejects the story of Cruikshank having himself furnished the idea for "Fagin in the Condemned Cell." The story was that, when these sheets of Dickens's book were sent to Cruikshank (who had not at that time put forward his claim to have inspired the author), he racked his brains in vain for a satisfactory treatment of the condemned man. In despair he gave up the attempt for the night, but while seated on the end of his bed, biting his nails in thought, he caught sight of himself in a dimly lighted looking-glass, and at once realised how he could adapt the effect to the subject which tormented him. The story, if not *vrai est vraisemblable*, at any rate, is worth preserving, and one only regrets that it has not been capped by another, associating the artist with "Mauger the Headsman," since he also claimed to have thought for Ainsworth all his best thoughts and incidents in "The Tower of London," and other works.

Although Cruikshank never contributed to *Punch*, one specimen of his work appears in its pages as an advertisement of "The Table Book," which came into existence soon after Ainsworth had sold his magazine. In the accompanying sketch Gilbert A'Beckett, its editor, is to be seen addressing the public, among whom Thackeray is recognisable, and Mayhew, Shirley Brooks, and Mark Lemon may be identified, perhaps, by those who knew them in early life. The President on the easel and the plaster head on the book-case are left in doubt, but they were undoubtedly caricatures of friends or enemies. Among the portraits which Mr. Layard classes as unacknowledged, that which appears in the broad-sheet, "Coriolanus Addressing the Plebeians," is so obvious as to need no clue. But in the illustrations of Egan's "Life in London," Cruikshank, at one time a devoted patron of prize-fighting, is with more difficulty recognised. One of the best likenesses, however, of himself and his then friend Dickens is that made for "Public Dinners," one of the Sketches by Boz, where, however, as usual, the artist gives himself the more conspicuous place.

Cruikshank's quarrels were almost as prominent in his life as his vanity. Those with Dickens, Ainsworth, and Bentley were sad enough, but one is glad to remember that with the last named, after twenty years' separation, the reconciliation was complete, and a new edition of the "Ingoldsby Legends" was the form of the treaty of peace. With his publishers, Kidd and Brooks, his quarrels furnished him with excellent subjects for caricature, and in each case the pulling of noses—in theory—was the source of much delightful fooling.

The appearance of George Cruikshank—possibly for the first time—as president of a Temperance meeting deserves special notice, for the scene at Sadler's Wells Theatre was drawn by him, and appeared in the *Illustrated London News* in 1854. The Temperance advocate, J. B. Gough, was to address the meeting, and when the audience were under his spell Cruikshank expected them to come forward and sign the pledge. He bridged the orchestra with planks, and received the postulants as they came forward in crowds. With this scene we may bid farewell to "Glorious George," the last and most distinguished of the three humorists who bore the name; but, while recognising his merits and his inventiveness, we are constrained to regard him as belonging to the Georgian rather than to the Victorian period of caricature.



THE NEW PUBLISHERS.

Is it worth while being a publisher in these days? Sometimes we are told that it is not, that the only people who grow rich out of books are the authors. The unhappy publisher, in the course of recurring discussions, has even been called a middleman, a person who might step out and down and not be missed. Dreadful!

Well, the publishers continue to grow and multiply, and that is the solid fact which meets the above sort of prosing. If there was not room, if there was no call, if publishing had really lost its savour, we should hardly find this increase. How many new publishing houses have arisen in London within the past ten years? So many that one does not go back half that time for the young publishers, using the term in its strict sense. "What you mean, then," says somebody, "is the youngest group of publishers?" Just so.

Now, who are they? First take Mr. James Bowden, because, while he is a new publisher, he is also an old one. He was for long managing director of Ward, Lock, and Bowden, Limited. He is now under his own flag, and with him, from the old place, there went Mr. Coulson Kernahan as his literary adviser.

Fully thirty years ago Mr. Bowden entered the service of Mr. Beeton, whose name stood for a famous cookery-book, to mention only one of many publications. That was his start, and then what are some of the successful works which he gave to the public during his managership of Ward, Lock? The answer would probably suggest the "Tragic Comedians" of Mr. George Meredith, Mr. Coulson Kernahan's "Dead Man's Diary," the "Minerva Library," and so on. The books he has issued with his own imprint are recent and so familiar, but there is one personal point to be recalled: Mr. Bowden is learned on the subject of copyright—quite one of the authorities.

Now, to introduce you, gentle reader—what an original turn of expression!—to another young firm, Messrs. Bliss, Sands, and Co. The same was founded in June 1893 under the title of Bliss, Sands, and Foster, the partners being Mr. L. H. Bliss, Mr. W. H. B. Sands, and Mr. H. Foster. Last summer Mr. Foster left to manage a weekly paper, and the firm now consists of Mr. Bliss and Mr. Sands. All three had been brought up to the publishing business, beginning as article pupils in an old house.

The novels published by Messrs. Bliss, Sands, give us one or two by Mr. Crockett. In their catalogue may also be found the names of "Gabriel Setoun"—who is a Scotch schoolmaster—Mrs. Mona Caird, Mrs. L. T. Meade, Mr. Hornung, Mr. Lowry, and Mr. Ashby-Sterry. Their "Public Men of To-day Series" has interesting volumes, and they have come to the front as the publishers of exceedingly cheap and at the same time well-got-up editions of English classics. The "Falstaff Shakspeare" is an example, and it is to have Boswell's "Johnson" as a companion. Of Messrs. Bliss, Sands, it may be said that they give attention to three special lines of publishing. These are the production of large and expensive works like the "Venus and Apollo," of novels by authors of proved quality, and of the classical reprints before mentioned.

The first book published by Mr. John Macqueen was the veteran Mr. Henry Russell's collection of reminiscences, "Cheer, Boys, Cheer." Mr. Macqueen is a Scotsman by birth, but has dwelt most of his days in our more southern latitudes. The great run which "The Sign of the Cross" had—and no doubt is still having somewhere—made it a certain thing that Mr. Wilson Barrett's novel, founded on the play, would have a large sale. As a matter of fact, a first edition of twenty thousand copies was called for. By-and-by Mr. Macqueen will publish another story by Mr. Wilson Barrett, the theme being that of his new play, "The Daughters of Babylon." You will find in Mr. Macqueen's catalogue mention of a novel called "Her Ladyship's Income," which is by "Lorin Kaye," and which has gone into a third edition. It represented a successful first effort by two people, Mr. Lathrop, the American Consul at Bristol, and Miss Konstam, a sister of Gertrude Kingston. Mr. Macqueen now has the manuscript of a second story by the same authors. Other writings are in prospect, too, from Mr. J. H. Crawford, whose "Wild Life of Scotland" at once took a place among the rapidly growing literature of the Richard Jefferies' character.

No doubt, Mr. Grant Richards, whose father was an Oxford Don, is the youngest publisher of them all—in years as well as in business. He is not yet twenty-five. He always intended to go in for literary work of one sort or another. Accordingly, on leaving the City of London School, he went to the big wholesale house of Simpkin, Marshall. There he worked for two years, and subsequently for nearly seven years he was with Mr. Stead in the *Review of Reviews* office. He has not published many books yet, but he began with two volumes by Mr. Grant Allen. These were in a series of very readable guides which the novelist is writing, and this pair referred to Paris and Florence. Mr. Edward Clodd's "Pioneers of Evolution," and "Politics in 1896," an annual with papers by several well-known writers, have also been issued by Mr. Grant Richards. The latter volume was a new idea—to give the political history of a year from various partisan standpoints—and the book has done well. Something might be said of volumes which Mr. Grant Richards has in hand if it were not that there is only just space enough left to mention two other young publishing houses.

These are Messrs. Service and Paton and Mr. John Milne, who, like Mr. Macqueen, is a Scotsman. From the former firm have come some singularly dainty and singularly cheap reprints of English classics in fiction, and they promise an edition of Hawthorne. Mr. Milne has published a novel by Major Griffiths, and other volumes, and during the summer and the autumn his list will receive some interesting additions.

YOUNG PLAYERS IN "SAUCY SALLY."

Mr. Frederick Volpé, who plays so cleverly the character part in "Saucy Sally," at the Comedy Theatre, is now an established favourite with London playgoers. His first "hit" in London was as Mr. Brown, the title-rôle in "The Gentleman Whip," at the Vaudeville Theatre, and later he made a very decided success as the Judge in "Her Advocate," at the Duke of York's. Mr. Volpé is of Italian parentage, but English by birth and education, for he was born in Liverpool, and finished his education at the Institute of that city, and ever since then he has remained a Liverpudlian by domicile. From his earliest years he was always keen on acting, but it was not until 1888 that he finally adopted the stage as his profession.



MR. VOLPÉ.

Photo by Turner and Freshwater, Hull.

When "The New Boy" was produced at Eastbourne, he created the part of Dr. Candy, and, coming to the Vaudeville, made his London début. He has now played some hundred odd parts, and made a great success as Cyrus Blenkarn in "The Middleman." His wife is Miss Alice Beet, the comedienne now taking Miss Fanny Brough's place in "The Eider-Down Quilt."

Miss Jessie Bateman, who is the pretty young wife in "Saucy Sally," has crowded the most amazing amount of work into her life, for she made her professional début at the Globe Theatre in 1890, despite the fact that she completes her nineteenth year only in August next. Her first part was Cobweb in Mr. F. R. Benson's charming revival of "A Midsummer Night's Dream" at the Globe, but, later on, she toured with his company, and was entrusted with all the children's parts in his Shaksperian repertoire. In 1891 she played Jessica in "The Merchant of Venice," and also Sweet Anne Page, and in 1892 she was a very pretty Puck in "A Midsummer Night's Dream." Remaining with Mr. Benson until 1895, she played a round of *ingénue* rôles, and added

Bianca, the Player Queen, Phœbe, Celia, Ursula, Hecate, Julia, and Lucy in "The Rivals," and Maria in "The School for Scandal" to her repertoire. During a stock season at Plymouth, she played Phœbe in "Lady Audley's Secret," Paul in "The Octoroon," Tigertail in "Green Bushes," and other parts. It is now about eighteen months since Miss Bateman left Mr. Benson to accept an engagement offered her by Mr. Hawtrey at the Comedy, and there she played Nellie Robinson in "The Guinea Stamp," Cassiopeia and Vesta in "A Mother of Three," Mabel in "The Mummy," Mona Carew in "Mr. Martin." She created the part of Lucy in "A Woman's World" when that



MISS BATEMAN.

Photo by Lafayette, Dublin.

play was given at a special *matinée* at the Court Theatre. Miss Bateman also adds the dignity of being a married woman to her other attractions, for when only sixteen she became the wife of Mr. George Hippisley, who was formerly a member of the Benson company and has lately acted with his young wife at the Comedy.

NOTE.

The Sketch will be on sale in the UNITED STATES at the offices of the International News Company, 83 and 85, Duane Street, New York; and in AUSTRALASIA, by Messrs. Gordon and Gotch, at Melbourne, Sydney, Brisbane, Adelaide, and Perth, W.A.; Christchurch, Wellington, Auckland, and Dunedin, New Zealand.

NORTHERN FUR SEAL AT HOME.

The sea-bear whose skin is such an important article of commerce is a migratory animal, like the rest of his kind; but if "home" be where the nursery is, then we may regard the islands of the North Pacific, the Aleutian, Pribyloff, and Komandorski groups as the home of *Otaria ursina*, for there it spends the summer months and brings forth its young. The social and domestic arrangements of the seals are very curious. The old bulls are the first to arrive on the island beaches, and they put in an appearance about May, when each bull takes up a position of his own at or above high-water mark, and there awaits the arrival of the cow seals, who come a few weeks later. The rivalry among the bulls is so keen that, once an animal has established himself on the beach, he never leaves his post until the end of the breeding season, which concludes, roughly speaking, in the first ten days of August. During all this time, three months or even more, they are too busy guarding their own little herds of females to seek food in the sea a hundred or two hundred yards away. They arrive in the fattest condition, but three months of starvation, as may be supposed, reduces them to skin and bone; like the hibernating bear, the bull seal subsists on his own fat. These old males are extremely bellicose during the breeding season; not only do they fight savagely among themselves, they will without hesitation attack any man who ventures to approach the "rookery," as the breeding-ground is called.



BULL SEALS LEAVING THE SHORE AGAINST A HEAVY SURF.

over rocks and shingle to the village where the slaughtering and subsequent flaying are to be done. The roaring of the young bulls is incessant, but there are few attempts to break back and escape; the whole herd

scrambles and slides slowly onward till close to the village. Seal-driving must be tedious work, as the animals can be urged along only at a rate of about a quarter of a mile an hour—six miles is as much as they can be made to travel in a day and a night! The object of driving them to the village to be slaughtered is, of course, to save the hard work of carrying the skins.

The fur-seals suffer much from heat; a temperature over forty-eight degrees is trying to them; and in hot weather they may be seen in every conceivable position, fanning themselves with their flippers! What the seal enjoys is the foggy weather often prevalent in those high latitudes. He is also partial to a bracing air a few degrees below zero. The bull seal is not considered worthy to undertake the responsibilities of husband and father until he is six years old; before he reaches the age of discretion prescribed by Otarian law, he is not allowed by the old bulls to land on the "rookery."

The Aleutian boat in use on the islands is a primitive structure made of sea-lion skins stretched upon a wooden frame-

work. The skins are far from waterproof, and the boat is always heavily greased over before it is launched; the white streaks and marks show where sewn joins and repairs have been cemented.—c.



BULLS AND BACHELORS ON ST. PAUL ISLAND.

At other seasons they are inoffensive enough, though the roar of a bull is sufficiently alarming. The cow seals are timid and sheep-like (one writer has termed them "dove-like"); when frightened they huddle together like a flock, bleating piteously. The noise from a rookery on a still night is said to be simply deafening. Seals are remarkably stupid creatures in some respects. Though for years past they have been killed in thousands annually, each spring sees them return to their old haunts displaying no fear of man. The photograph of bull and bachelor seals, taken by Mr. G. E. H. Barrett Hamilton on the sand-hills of St. Paul Island (Pribyloff group), shows how closely the animals allow man to approach. Bachelor seals, it should be mentioned, are young bulls who do not come near the breeding-grounds; the old bulls, after their domestic trials are over, join the juniors on their beaches to rest.

The sheepish disposition of the seal simplifies materially the task of killing when the season comes round. Half-a-dozen men with sticks take up their positions, so as to prevent the animals escaping seawards, and urge the whole bachelor population forward



ALEUTIAN BOATS.

THE LIGHT SIDE OF NATURE.



CONSTABLE : 'Ere! Wot are you 'doin' up 'ere ?

GENIAL BURGLAR : Wot d'ye 'spose I 'm doin'—birds'-nestin' ?



"So, Miss Smith, all is over between us?"

"You've hit it."

"Then give me back the presents I promised you!"



COACHING THE CREW.

MY HEART'S IN THE
HIGHLANDS
MY HEART IS NOT HERE.



Ch
A.M.

A STRANGE WEDDING.

Mandalay, which has been immortalised once and for all by Mr. Kipling's wonderful verses, saw a curious wedding on Feb. 12 which would have gladdened the heart of the Tommy who pined for the Sapiyahlet whose "petticoat was yaller and her little cap was green." The Chief Commissioner of Burma was called to the house in Mandalay of the



THE BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM.

Photo by Surgeon-Captain McDermott.

ex-Chief of Nyoungwé, one of the Shan States tributary to Burma, whose daughter was to be betrothed to the Chief of Theinni, another Shan State. The lovers were gorgeously arrayed in robes of State, which cost nearly a hundred pounds each, and which will be used hereafter on special occasions in the State. The bridegroom wore a long purple velvet robe, trimmed with an infinity of gold lace and braid, and on his head a kingly crown that might have done duty in any fairy-tale. The bride was arrayed chiefly in that ornamental angular cardboard arrangement in which the souls of people in those parts delight, till she looked all points and corners. Her headgear was a peculiar sort of compromise between a skull-cap and a Roman helmet, but very becoming withal, and in front shone a diamond butterfly. At the back of her dress she wore a glittering tail, that gave her the general appearance of some mythical animal.

The bridegroom had brought into Mandalay some of his officials, including his Prime Minister, a weird little old man, as bashful as a maid, and decorated with a large gold medal. When asked for what he had received this distinction from the Queen, he replied, "For my services." His clothes appeared to belong to the office rather than to the individual, and to have been made to fit a man of larger build. Photography fails to do justice to his companion—a royal clerk—for his cloak was of "a beautiful blue," and round his waist a very up-to-date band of pink chiffon was tied in a large bow. In the centre of the room where the marriage was to take place stood a gilded couch strewn deeply with rose-leaves. In front of this, with their backs to it, the bride and bridegroom knelt while offerings were made to various "nats," or spirits. Rice-cakes and water were then offered to the couple, though not actually given to them. They then took their place on the couch, facing each other, their hands were joined, and a band of white muslin was wound round them both. There were many Brahmins present, in long white robes and crowns like kings in a pack of cards. These learned gentlemen had, by various calculations and observations of omens, fixed the date for the wedding, and they now presided over the ceremony itself. As the couple sat facing each other, one of the Brahmins read them an exhortation and poured water from a shell over their joined hands. A small sprig of leaves was given to each, to ensure long life, and then the band struck up amid the general congratulations of the friends of the happy pair.

"THE MISSIONARY PENNY" AGAIN.

The article on missionaries which recently appeared in these pages has drawn from a correspondent a long letter. He speaks from the experience of seventeen years in India, and declares that, for a really good, earnest, hard-working priest—be he Church of England, American Baptist, Lutheran, or Roman Catholic—he has every respect, and has always endeavoured to assist him. "But the term 'missionary' is a misnomer altogether, as applied to men in Southern India; call them parsons and educationalists, if you will, but missionaries they are *not*, with the exception of the Roman Catholic priests. These latter are the real article; they live among their flock, and rarely if ever take even a short holiday; as for going home to Europe, except in cases of extreme illness, they never dream of doing so. By the way, I am not a Roman Catholic myself, though, from what I have seen of the work done by Roman Catholic priests in India, I should be inclined to follow them in preference to other shepherds."

He includes in his review the American, German, English, or Danish parson-educationalists; for there is very little difference between them, except in matters of ritual and the like, and begins with their houses first: "For it is the sight of a missionary's house which generally strikes the stranger as so incongruous with missionary life. In the district I am speaking of now, I know only one of these houses which does not boast an upper storey (a great luxury in India). With regard to the sole exception, the owner intends to build an upper storey as soon as possible. Now the mere possession of an upper storey is not by itself a crime. It is merely a luxury, and, as such, utterly incongruous with 'missionary life.' It is a coincidence, but none the less true, that wherever you go you find the missionaries possess the largest houses in the station. You find the same on the hills, where every parson-educationalist goes regularly every year for the hot months. In short, directly one of these gentry comes out to India he sets to work (with home funds) to build himself a spacious mansion. Whether the Boards who send out these men know how gorgeously they are housed, I am not in a position to say; I can only wish that Government treated their servants half as well. I write now from a house the greater part of which is a ruin, but then I am not a—missionary. Some years ago I watched a house being constructed by a German missionary, a worthy man and an excellent builder. He told me it was to cost between five and six thousand



THE PRIME MINISTER AND THE CHIEF CLERK.

Photo by Surgeon-Captain McDermott.

rupees. When I saw it again, some years after, it was completed, and the missionary had gone home to Germany, never to return; since then it has been practically empty, as the missionary in charge has another large house some distance away, and visits the former only occasionally. I may add that these facts are within my knowledge, for I am in the habit of using the said house as a rest-house whenever I pass that way. The Mission is very glad to get one rupee per diem for the house, and it

is well worth the money. But I question if the German Board at home originally intended to build a 'rest-house' for travellers at a cost of five or six thousand rupees. What do you think, reader? The Danish Mission in this district possesses several stations, and is not a bit behind the German in building fine houses. I have seen two of these built also, and I can guarantee that they were not built for nothing, though I am not prepared to give the exact figure; still, they must have run into some thousands. I shall presently show how these palatial houses are left without occupants for the hot months.

"I am bound to admit that I know one Roman Catholic priest who has a large house; but, then, it was built out of his own money, and part of it—the greater part—was used as a church. The priest's house, as a rule, differs but little from those of his flock. It may possess a spare room for an occasional guest, and sometimes a small verandah, but more often than not it is no larger than an ordinary village hut. Entering by the low doorway, you may find the priest making his morning coffee—the only real luxury he permits himself; bread is often conspicuous by its absence, for the simple reason that there is no baker. On the threshold of the door you may observe little heaps of grain, or, perchance, on high days and holidays, a fowl or a fresh-water fish. These represent contributions from the flock or 'penances' inflicted for neglect of mass. Should you elect to stay the day (and priests are generally the soul of hospitality), your host will probably produce from his private store a certain cobwebby bottle of choice French Burgundy or a delicately flavoured liqueur. Don't imagine these are everyday luxuries; if you look inside his store-room you will see only about half-a-dozen bottles, kept for occasions like this. There is no doctor in the village, and the priest is known to possess cunning nostrums, so the sick come also to be treated; but to one and all the good man gives a welcome and his blessing; and when a stalwart young rustic has neglected mass and confession, the priest gives him the 'stick' with no unsparing hand. It is all delightfully simple and patriarchal.

"Now, I maintain that this is a 'missionary' work in the highest sense of the word, and it is conspicuously absent in all Protestant missions. The hot weather comes, and there is the priest; the rains approach (or fail, as is often the case), and the priest is at his post. Cholera makes its appearance, and the doctor-priest ministers to the sick. In sickness and health, come at what time you will, you will always find the priest living among his people. Can we wonder, then, at Roman Catholicism having taken such a deep root in the land? Is it a matter of surprise that converts of Protestant missions leave the latter and enroll themselves among the ever-increasing Roman Catholic population of India?

"Now, what is the cause of this? The secret is not far to seek: it is because Protestant missionaries (save the mark!) live too luxuriously and migrate in a body to the hills in the hot months. I remember some years ago when there was a great agitation in India about the Government 'exodus' to the hills at the commencement of the hot months. One of the greatest agitators in this respect was a so-called missionary, and there was nothing he loved better than to see his name in the papers as having taken the chair at one of these meetings. He used to talk and rave on the subject, and he used to vilify his countrymen to the natives, greatly to their delight. Did he give up his yearly visits to Kodaikanal (a well-known hill-station much resorted to by missionaries and other shirkers) in the months of April and May, and sometimes longer? Not a bit of it. Early in April I have seen him starting with his family and a few tons of baggage, and there he would stay till the first burst of the south-west monsoon, when he would descend invigorated by the hill-air and ready to commence 'heckling' the Government again. I am quite ready to admit that this degenerate Englishman was exceptional so far as his taking part with natives in the said agitation was concerned; but he was, and is, not exceptional in running away from the plains in the hot weather. I venture to say that in this district there will not be, in another six weeks, a single Protestant missionary left to brave the hot season. This will be my *third* hot season on the plains (not being a missionary), and I have had ample opportunities of knowing who has been in the district and who has not. I have been told by these 'flitters' that they are human beings like myself, and that they, their wives, and children must have the benefit of the hill-air. Granted, by all means. But do not call them 'missionaries.' Let them be called, as I said above, 'parson-educationalists,' and let it be clearly understood in future that people of this 'jat' cannot exist on the plains in the months when unfortunate Government servants have to do so. One padre recurs to my recollection at this moment who made an excellent thing out of missionary work; his house was one of the best in the station, and he had it rent-free. He had many daughters, and they got some allowance for teaching in the school. He had more than one horse and carriage (kept by the Mission), and he and his family lived like fighting-cocks. The daughters went out in society, and they were all married off well. The head of the family owned a good deal of property on the hills, and I believe when he went home he sold it excellently well. I repeat, he made an excellent thing out of missionary-ising, but he wasn't a 'missionary' any more than I am. Before I conclude this article, I must admit that I do know one very earnest and self-denying parson in South India—a true missionary in every sense of the word. His name in the Tanjore district is a household word, and, though I know him only very little and have not met him for some years, I know him to be a thoroughly honest missionary. Knowing him so slightly, I do not like to mention his name, but he belongs to the Society for Propagating the Gospel, and there is no man I respect more.

"As educationalists, the different Protestant denominations are doing

a great deal to elevate the mind of the native at the expense of his manners. Directly 'Young India' has obtained a free education from these forcing establishments, he gets into Government employ, or sets up a private printing-press. Sometimes he combines the two; but, whatever he puts his hand to, he never forgets one thing, and that is to abuse with all his power and energy everything British, not excluding that particular Mission establishment which was foolish enough to fill his badly balanced mind with knowledge utterly unsuited to it."

HOORS D'ŒUVRES.

It is curious to note the traditional features of the French national character reproducing themselves in their latest colonial acquisition, Madagascar. After a brief interval of lenity, the usual process of formation of a French colony has begun—a French colony of the modern type, which only lacks colonists to make it complete. The attempt to make use of the Queen and the Hova officials has been given up, and power is openly exercised by soldiers and Jesuits. The pretence of liberty of trade and religion is cast away; by partiality, by force, and by fraud, British missionaries and British goods are to be excluded; and to excuse these measures a rumour is circulated, and possibly believed, by French officials, that the Protestant missionaries are engaged in plotting and fostering revolts against the French.

Now such an accusation is as absurd as the acts for which it is a pretext are discreditable. So grievously was the French expedition mismanaged, so uselessly were its soldiers sacrificed to disease, that a comparatively slight exercise of courage and skill on the part of the Malagasy would have baffled the invasion. But not only did the Hovas show pitiable incompetence and cowardice, but they got rid of their British officers, who might have done something to help them. Was *this* due to the advice of English missionaries? Either the English teachers did *not* preach resistance to the French—as is the fact, or their influence over their flocks was more nominal than real—as is probably also the fact. And if the missionaries were unwilling or unable to move the Hovas to effective resistance when everything was in their favour, they would hardly stir them up to hopeless revolt when their power is destroyed.

No, the accusation against English missionaries—contradicted by French Protestants, who are as good Frenchmen as the officials, who seem to be free-thinkers at home and Jesuits abroad—is merely the latest instance of the great French theory of history. Frenchmen believe themselves to be invincible, infallible, irresistible. They can only be overcome or hampered by treachery. When their soldiers died by heaps in the forests of Madagascar, it was due chiefly to the (wilful) accidents to British hired transports. When the break-up of the only power in the island was followed by general anarchy and robbery, this must have been instigated by the British and Norwegian missionaries, who were themselves victims, in many cases, to the disorder. Now, if a queen and nobles deprived of power indulge in dreams or plots of revolution, this must be due to English treachery; a fallen Sovereign could not possibly want to regain her position from the fascinating French unless instigated by perfidious Albion!

If the British missionaries are expelled, gradually or at once, and the colony does not prosper—as it will not—we shall be told in French journals that the Norwegians, or even the French Protestants, are the agents of Albion; and if these be also ejected, some free-thinking general will discover that the Jesuits, now as ever, are trying to draw to themselves the power properly belonging to the State. Then will come the expulsion of those missionaries also. And even then the new toy will not work. For, in the first place, Madagascar is not worth having as a colony, or perfidious Albion could easily have taken it any time since the middle of the last century; and, in the second place, France has no surplus population driven abroad, no enterprising younger sons to make a new France overseas.

But it is the habit of the patriotic Gaul to ignore plain facts, and explain his mishaps by treachery, preferably of Albion. Napoleon was betrayed at Waterloo—as if he had not been beaten before by superior numbers, or by his own mistakes and those of his generals! The treason, of course, was English; in fact, it was obviously treasonable in Wellington to beat a French army at all. And but the other day Prince Henri of Orleans, on his way to Abyssinia, where he may meet our Embassy, delivered himself of a shriek against the country that has been the friend of his fathers in their prosperity and their refuge in exile. The prosperity of Egypt, as shown in the Budget, is a mere fiction; the accounts are cooked; perfidious Albion has drawn from the hapless country, in fourteen years, five hundred and twenty-five million francs!—that is to say, one million and a-half sterling per annum—or probably about half what is taken from Egypt yearly by the French bondholders who hold the bulk of her debt.

Observe, the Prince does not attempt to verify or explain his figures; he does not look into the facts for himself; he does not try to show how or where the cooking of accounts is effected; he simply repeats whatever he hears to the discredit of England, in order to please a few French Anglophobes. And one understands how it is that the House of Orleans has invariably come to grief in past years. MARMITON.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

Among the readers who will certainly be entertained by Mr. Allen Upward's "Secrets of the Courts of Europe" (Arrowsmith), I wonder how many will feel that the kind of amusement he offers us is not quite fair. I suppose we must take for granted that the stories are mainly inventions, based on some thin groundwork of fact. But I don't know whether, for the personages chiefly concerned, it is better or worse that Mr. Upward has not abandoned fiction. Seeing the fierce light that does beat on royalties, is it absurd to consider their susceptibilities if the whispers and rumours about them happen to provide good "copy"? There seems to me some difference between whispers and rumours about living persons, freely circulated, and a stereotyped version of these in black and white in the pages of a popular book; and I can imagine even an ardent Republican story-teller, very hard up for "copy," too, hesitating, on the score of taste, to make such free use of contemporaneous private history. It is but a step from crowned heads to railway kings, and from them to many other folks with highly interesting careers, some pages of which they would fain keep for their own perusal yet awhile. But, no doubt, the popular writer in search of actualities would call such exclusiveness merely selfish and unsocial.

Mr. Crockett's new story, "Lad's Love" (Bliss, Sands, and Co.), seems to have been written at two periods. The latter part is more serious than the former, and more carefully written. The whole is a bright, healthy, and vivid Scotch love-story, not on the "Raiders" level, but much better than most. It is rather carelessly constructed; it is in parts inconsistent with itself; and it contains one or two absurd and impossible episodes, especially that of the girl getting her father to sign a cheque for a thousand pounds on pain of death. But in these days, provided we can find a novel that carries us on and leaves no bad taste in the mouth, we are not inclined to grumble. Parts are excellent, notably the quarrel over a necklace between the heroine and her lover.

"The Adventures of John Jones," by Frederic Carrol (Bliss, Sands, and Co.), is carefully planned on the lines of the famous French novel which has been translated into English under the title "A Ladies' Man." It describes the entry into London of an impecunious journalist who, by dint of dauntless impudence, some physical attractions, and a total lack of principle, succeeds in subjugating newspaper proprietors and fair ladies almost without a struggle. There is, as in "A Ladies' Man," a humble parent in the background, to whom the hero does not feel unkindly, and the journalist's career, immoral as it has been, ends in prosperity—so far, at least, as we can trace it. But Mr. Carrol lacks genius and subtlety, though his writing is, on the whole, clear and straightforward. The book does not go so far in riskiness as its French model, but it goes far enough—perhaps far enough to secure readers. But I doubt whether it will improve Mr. Carrol's position in literature.

The New Woman fiction—the Abnormal Woman is nearer the truth—has had an addition to its diminishing list in Miss Atherton's "Patience Sparhawk and Her Times" (Lane). As it hails from over the ocean, needless to say it takes itself very seriously, and is dedicated to M. Paul Bourget because he "alone, of all foreigners, has detected, in its full significance, that the motive-power, the cohering force, the ultimate religion of that strange composite known as 'The American,' is Individual Will." Patience Sparhawk had plenty of Individual Will. In old days she would have been called a rather disagreeable egotist, of somewhat criminal tendencies. Miss Atherton, indeed, recognises her as dangerous, but supremely interesting, and the probable mother of "a race of harder fibre and larger faculties than any in the history of civilisation." H'm! But she has a thrilling career, I admit, including a shocking bringing-up, a temperance propaganda, marriage with a madman, writing for the newspapers, and a shuddering near

acquaintance with capital punishment. Out of it all we are to suppose she issues a supreme harmony—or, at least, the mother of one. In the bygoing we get striking glimpses of many phases of American life, all of them very vigorous, but I never feel convinced they are true. It is an able and utterly crude book, full of energy and cleverness run riot.

"Love Again, Live Again," by Miss Munro-Ferguson (Hurst and Blackett), is a well-written story, and deals with interesting situations. A man who thinks himself clever, but who is in reality a pompous, tiresome ass, teases a young girl into a promise of marriage. Another gentleman, who is all that is noble and lovely, is virtually engaged to a lady who is unhappily married, but whose husband dies in the usual opportune manner. The young girl finds that she has made a mistake. The lovely man finds that he has made a mistake. Matters are set right in a manner which can be guessed by the meanest capacity. There is nothing unwholesome about Miss Munro-Ferguson's book. She has some regard for grammar, and she shows an occasional power of rendering a situation in a fairly effective way. Nevertheless, it cannot be said that her novel is a triumph, though it ranks well among the average. It lacks grace and life, and, above all, distinction.



MISS VIOLET MUNRO-FERGUSON.
Photo by Wināno and Grove, Baker Street, W.

The average quality of the thousand-and-one adventure-stories of the day is low indeed. The ordinary Society novel does not follow conventions more rigidly or more unintelligently. No kind of fiction bears the mark of being made more sordidly for the market than this kind, that purports to win us from an unwholesome contemplation of the life of to-day and from the company in tame and in corrupt cities. The poor stuff of which most of these adventure-stories are made is bringing their kind into disrepute. A few years ago Mr. Hope's "Phroso" would have stood a better chance of being greedily devoured, for then our appetites were not sated with badly prepared fare of the same order. Due honour should be paid, however, to such writers as still make efforts after good work in this field as well as after a profusion of incident. Mr. Stimson's "King Noanett" (Lane) just misses being excellent, and the miss does not spell failure. The author has expended a great deal of trouble on the writing of it, and the style is often very pretty. One character, at least, has a career whose course you could not guess from the first chapter in which he appears. A story of Devon settlers in Old Virginia and Massachusetts Bay, it presents many pictures of slavery and of life in Puritan settlements.

On the side of fact, it strikes out a line which has been permitted for some time in history, but has been exceedingly unorthodox in fiction: its criticism of the manner in which consignments of English men and women were sent out to America and slavery by Cromwell, and of the mean, bullying temper of many American Puritans of the second generation, is rigorously severe. But the Puritans alone do not come in for condemnation; that "ribald crew," the fighting companies of the Old Dominion, get their share of blame from this searcher among old records, documents, and legends, none of which seem to present a very amiable idea of the human nature that fought and struggled in the New World in the seventeenth century. The nominal hero, Bampfylde Moore Carew, is far eclipsed by the fascination of the young Irish soldier, Miles Courtenay, fighter, jester, and dreamer. With a magnificent contempt for the Saxon intellect, he yet charms every Saxon he comes in contact with, or outwits him. He has no feeling of humility when he thinks of the history of his race. "Ah, man, but we have dreamed!" he says. "The word is greater than the deed, I'd have ye know. A stupid Saxon may do the deed it took an Irish harper to think of." His company is very cheery. "Heigh-ho!" he says. "'Tis the women who make the trouble of this life—and life worth the trouble." Mr. Stimson is a trifle too documentary at times, and his archaic style is tinged with modernisms and, in his love-scenes, inclines a little to the pretty-pretty. But for his presenting us to Courtenay his readers owe him gratitude. o. o.

**This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.**

astoundingly long name, which I quite forget, and when the Parnell trouble was being talked about he mightily offended a few Irish Londoners by naming one of his fillies Kitty O'Shea. Mr. Dyas has never yet taken two to one about a certainty, and he will have to lose his astuteness before he does. He ran several flat-racers in England some few years ago, which were trained by the late Harry Hall, and several nice little coups were landed. Mr. Dyas was very friendly with the late Fred Archer, who probably taught him a few of the wrinkles of buying and placing horses.

Terence Kavanagh was the proudest man alive when he passed the Grand National post first on Manifesto. To use his own words, that was what he had "been trying ten years to do." Kavanagh was born on March 13, 1867, and at ten years of age went to live with the late Mr. Linde. That fact alone ensured a thorough knowledge of flat and cross-country riding, but the lad had also ability, and was an excellent pupil. Among the lesser of our steeplechase events, he has thrice scored in the Great Lancashire Steeplechase, his mounts having been Gentle Ida, Spahi, and Manifesto, while in his own country he has scored in the Irish Derby on Pet Fox. Previous to his Manifesto score, the nearest he had ever been to winning the Grand National was in Why Not's year. Then the issue was very close, and he was not many lengths behind the winner on Lady Ellen II. He expressed the opinion that he would have



GREEN LAWN, WINNER OF THE LIVERPOOL CUP.

Photo by Ivor Castle, Bristol.

won then had he known the mare. But now he is satisfied. He has achieved what is the ambition of all riders over sticks and fences.

The win of Green Lawn in the Liverpool Cup was some consolation for the horse's defeat in the Lincoln Handicap, for which, by-the-by, he was well backed by the public. Green Lawn was bred in Ireland; he is a brown horse by Kendal—Buda, and his win should be a good advertisement for Kendal, who, it will be remembered, was purchased at a tall figure from Mr. Gubbins on behalf of Mr. Platt, and the horse is now located at the Brentwood stud. Green Lawn was considered at one time to be a smart horse, but he often disappointed his followers, and did not even raise a winning flag last year, though as a four-year-old he won the Trial Stakes at Lincoln and the Somersetshire Stakes at Bath. I fancy the horse has given a lot of trouble with his legs, and he may do best when the going is soft. Green Lawn is trained at Arundel by Alfred Day, a son of "Old Justice William," and it is a remarkable fact that Day *filis* came straight from the dispensing-room to the training-grounds and took to his new employment as a duck takes to water. He trained The Rejected when the latter won the Lincoln Handicap. Green Lawn is owned by Mr. A. Cohen, a well-known City financial gentleman. Mr. Cohen won the Duke of York Stakes with Missal, but I doubt if that win was half so popular among the general public as was the victory of Green Lawn in the Liverpool Spring Cup.

Very little importance attaches to Northampton Races nowadays, and the meeting excites only a very small circle. It used to be the fashion among writers to deplore the failing of the Stakes; but this became such a wearying annual proceeding that it was dropped, and the race is no more booked among the big events of the year. Northampton would die out altogether were it not for the master of Ascott House—Mr. Leopold de Rothschild, who is expected by the good people of boots to run his horses on their shockingly bad course. Nor does he fail to fulfil these expectations, for he sends a large number of his animals to each meeting held there. Moreover, he always entertains a large house-party for the races, and by so doing infuses some importance into what is really a second-rate fixture.

HOW MR. PINERO'S PLAY IS DRESSED.

There is a wonderful show of gowns in the new St. James's piece, the loveliest of all being worn by Miss Julia Neilson as the Princess Pannonia. She has two evening-gowns, one of black and silver brocade, made with almost severe simplicity, but ablaze with an embroidery of silver paillettes and diamonds. The other is more elaborate, but not more effective—eau-de-Nil brocade, with a scarf of white gauze wound round the waist, and fringed with silver and bands of silver galon, producing a rounded bolero effect, while there are shoulder-straps of closely massed Neapolitan violets, and bracelets of the same pretty flowers to hold in a loose drapery of lace at the elbows.

A Princess gown of white poplinette, lined with green, and flounced almost to the knees with lace, is effective, especially as the corsage is arranged with a graceful fichu of lace; and the possibilities of simplicity are again exemplified by a skirt of grey-blue poplin, and a blouse of soft white silk, patterned with ribbon stripes in palest blue, scattered over with bunches of wee pink roses, and finished with a fichu of lisse and lace.

But Miss Neilson is at her loveliest in a tea-gown of white moiré brocaded with great sprays of pink and yellow roses and trails of feathery mimosa. It is made in closely fitting Princess fashion, but relieved by long scarves of costly lace, which fall from a square bolero of lace embroidered with amethysts, topaz, emeralds, and silver. There are long, transparent sleeves of this jewelled lace, and a belt of pearls and silver.

Another beautiful woman, Miss Julie Opp, the Hymen of "As You Like It," wears an evening-gown of white brocade, the soft fulness of the chiffon bodice held in by bands of silver. Over this is thrown a long opera-cloak of white moiré, accordion-pleated, and veiled with three deep flounces of white silken grenadine, also accordion-pleated. There is a hood-like cape of cloudy white chiffon, with clusters of lilies-of-the-valley nestling at the throat, the tender green of their leaves giving the only touch of colour to the costume.

Miss Fay Davis indulges in some decidedly startling gowns, notably a skirt where broad stripes of yellow alternate with others in white and black, scattered over impartially with pink roses. The bodice and sleeves are arranged with alternate frills of rose-pink and yellow chiffon, edged narrowly with black lace, while a second gown is of orange moiré and chiffon, with turquoise-blue velvet and white lace embroidered with silver sequins for its trimming.

It is almost a relief to turn to the exquisite colouring and design of two dresses worn by Miss Mabel Hackney—the evening-gown of white satin, the skirt accordion-pleated, and appliqué with a design of ivy-leaves in yellowish lace lightly powdered with silver paillettes. The bodice is arranged with a deep collar of gathered pink chiffon embroidered with silver, and, where it crosses over at the left, is outlined with folds of chiffon, fastened with two bunches of tiny Banksia roses, and continued into long sash-ends which tone through three shades of rose-pink. There are long, transparent sleeves of white net, glittering with silver paillettes. The day-gown is of the finest cloth in a wonderful shade of green, with an appliqué of white satin on skirt and bodice, and revers turned back from a vest of tucked white satin and lisse.

Miss Rose Leclercq, an ideal *grande dame*, as ever, has a perfect dress for the last act. The material is one of the new grenadines, the black ground strewn with a softly coloured design of chestnuts, while round the shoulders is draped a frilled fichu of black net sprinkled with jet sequins. The costume is completed by an early Victorian bonnet of black chip, trimmed with hyacinths and mignonette.

And, apart from these, there are some twenty other gowns to add to this feast of fashions.

A WEIRD STORY.

In "The Devil-Tree of El Dorado" (Hutchinson) Mr. Frank Aubrey has a very strange tale to tell. Leonard Elwood, *æt.* twenty-two, of Georgetown, British Guiana, is a dreamer of dreams. Being an orphan and a man of independent means, he has ample time for indulging his dreams, foremost of which is the desire to explore the mountain of Roraima. Nations have spent their money and men have risked and given their lives to reach the North Pole, and yet here, "with no wilderness of ice and snow," only two parties of civilised explorers have reached even the base of the table of "one of the greatest marvels and mysteries of the earth." Curiously enough, he hears that another white man is on the track of Roraima, and, in company with a young engineer called Templemore—practical and matter-of-fact—and of Matava, the son of his old Indian nurse Carena, Elwood starts out. After a journey of some days into the interior, they meet the organiser of the other expedition, a mysterious man called Monella, who is the means of saving Leonard's life. Space forbids an inventory of all their trials and difficulties before finding and opening the cave which leads to the "canyon within the mountain, with its wonderful flowers and plants, strange fish, and curious perfumed butterflies, which they mistake for flowers." Then they meet with Ulama, Princess of Manoa, and are received at the King's palace. It is after this that they come across that loathsome land-octopus, the Sacred Devil-Tree of El Dorado, with its priesthood and yearly sacrifice of human victims. Mr. Aubrey has many surprises in store—the final destruction of this horrible monster, the strange discoveries with regard to the origin and real name of Monella, the fate of Elwood, and return of the treasure-laden Templemore to the land of realities and the woman he loves.

SOCIETY ON WHEELS.

During a four months' tour that I have lately made in Canada I have studied bicycles and the subject of cycling very carefully. In all the large towns—that is to say, in Ottawa, in Quebec, in Montreal, in Winnipeg, and especially in Toronto, the last-named being the city in which bicycling is most popular—I have always heard the same remark: "No machine in the world can beat the bicycle of English manufacture." Now this, as the novelists say, is "passing strange," and to me it at first sounded very strange, for when I left England in November last everybody supposed to be "in the know" concerning bicycles was declaring that the American machine had come to stay, that in a very short time the English cycle would be hooted off the track, like a dog scampering down a racecourse. However, the managers of three of the leading cycle firms in Toronto told me last month that they imported all their machines from England, and put them together when they arrived. Of the English-made bicycles most popular in Canada I may mention the Humber and the Singer, while the Columbia and the Cleveland are the American machines most in demand there.

About a year ago Miss F. J. Erskine wrote a capital little shilling handbook entitled "Bicycling for Ladies" (Iliffe and Son), which I then had the pleasure of reviewing. In it she made many excellent suggestions, and gave much good advice—in short, she left nothing more to be said. Why, therefore, the same lady should now bring out a similar but practically useless work at half-a-crown, and give it the meaningless title "Lady Cycling" (Walter Scott), is one of those tiresome problems that nobody but the authoress herself can solve. "Lady Cycling" is merely a tepid *réchauffé* of Miss Erskine's former work and of kindred handbooks by various authorities upon wheeling. She makes a few sensible remarks, which have, however, been made before, and, after the manner of the lady in the fable, she advises the novice always to travel on an egg—a somewhat difficult thing to do, if the advice be taken literally. The most welcome hint in the book is contained in the passage in which she strongly deprecates the odious habit—more common among men than among ladies—of showing off in public by riding with the hands removed from the handle-bar. Therefore, let the novice, anxious to obtain useful information, read "Bicycling for Ladies" and lend "Lady Cycling" to a friend. Miss Erskine contributes an interesting article on "Cycling with Hounds" to the current number of the *Badminton Magazine*.

The wooden handle-bar seems gradually to be gaining popularity in Europe as well as in America. Not having given one a fair trial—the trial of wear-and-tear and time—I cannot speak from personal experience as to its merits or its demerits. Of course, the makers of the wooden bar recommend it, and several well-known cyclists tell me that it gives satisfaction. But in what way the wooden bar can be preferable or superior to the plated metal bar it is somewhat hard to understand. It may look neater, but surely the wooden bar is more liable to be injured—to wit, snapped off by a fall—than is the metal tube.

I see it announced in the papers that Mr. Gladstone, who, we have all heard, has taken to the wheel at the age of eighty-seven, owns to having "fairly mastered the machine." Surely this will add years to his life and keep him in health and spirits.

I understand that the present Dean of Ripon, Dr. Freemantle, is very fond of cycling. He appears to consider, as many clever men do, that it is wonderful relaxation to the brain. Besides this, a great deal of exercise can be had in a wonderfully short time. Certainly a bicycle may be a useful handmaiden to the Church, and must make it far easier for a clergyman to be attentive to his flock.

A friend of mine who returned lately from Berlin was much amused at seeing a black poodle riding a tricycle most gracefully. The animal appeared to be quite at his ease and enjoying the exercise.

It is many years since John Leech drew his inimitable picture-jokes for *Punch* on "High Life below Stairs." Were he alive now, what fun he would have extracted from the latest fad of an amiable though somewhat misguided lady who is expending her energies on the formation of a society for the encouragement of cycling among domestic servants! When the butler or the footman is able to ride a machine, it frequently proves most convenient. If you are living in the country, the doctor may be summoned or a telegram despatched with the least possible delay; but when mistresses are invited to give cycling-lessons to and provide machines for their female domestics, on the plea of healthful recreation, the burden becomes greater than one can bear. One must draw the line somewhere, and I think I should feel inclined to draw it here. If dinner is not forthcoming at the appointed hour, you will learn that "cook has only just returned, having punctured her tyre when ten miles from home"; the housemaid is incapacitated through coming in violent contact with the butcher's cart, or the domestic arrangements generally are disorganised through the pursuit of health on wheels. I heard of an instance recently where the cook and lady's-maid had clubbed together to purchase a bicycle which their mistress regarded as too expensive for herself.

I was much struck by an exceedingly pretty costume worn quite lately by a well-known lady. It was made of dark-blue face-cloth, the

zouave bodice being lined with white silk and turned back with revers of the same. The skirt was also richly lined with white silk. Both the zouave and skirt were slightly trimmed with rather wide white braid. The low, open white silk waistcoat was double-breasted and worn over a fine lawn vest, with a jabot of Valenciennes lace. The pretty blue Tam-o'-Shanter hat, trimmed with rosettes of dark-blue velvet and blue and white quills, was very smart, and the wearer wore dark-blue stockings, with pretty tan shoes. The whole effect was exceedingly *chic* and spring-like.

Mr. Henry Arthur Jones is an ardent cyclist. The cycle is the modern regenerator, the natural outcome of this natural latter-day desire: consequently, we must infer that the eminent playwright, though still a young man, is, nevertheless, himself in pursuit of still greater youth. Mr. Jones, being a good horseman, is naturally a fine cyclist. I say "naturally" advisedly, for I still maintain that a good rider, especially a good man to hounds, will learn to ride a bicycle far more quickly than the habitual pedestrian, and, when he has once acquired the knack of balancing himself on his wheel, he will feel confidence in himself and become a finished rider far more quickly than the pedestrian.

I see it stated in a contemporary that a Frenchman was fêted the other day on having accomplished the feat of riding over the Alps on a bicycle. The particular Pass by which he crossed was not stated, but surely no great difficulties would be presented by the Simplon or St. Gothard, and hundreds of cyclists must have crossed by these routes.

The "Lady Cyclist at Home" in the current issue of the *Lady Cyclist* is Miss Evelyn Millard. She confided to the interviewer that she learnt to subdue and eventually overcome the inconsiderate ways a bicycle invariably elects to assume towards its rider in the earliest stages of their acquaintance in the Inner Circle at Regent's Park. Miss Millard is often to be seen astride her wheel in either Regent's Park or Hyde Park; she does not mind in the least cycling in the most crowded thoroughfares, and describes coasting as being really delightful.

On one occasion Miss Millard came very near meeting with what might have proved a fatal accident. It was in the early days of her career as a cyclist, and while cycling near Newbury with Sir Francis Jeune and a party of friends. She was pedalling down a steeply graded road which curved sharply, and rounded the bend to find a lumbering cart blocking the way. The fair rider had not, evidently, mastered the art of back-pedalling, for the machine proceeded onwards despite her efforts to stop it, her feet were thrown from the pedals, and the brake refused to act. Miss Millard saw the only alternative to a collision and serious damage to herself and machine was to jump off there and then, which she did, escaping, luckily, with but a few facial contusions.

A point to which far too little attention is paid is the manufacture of bicycle-tools. The same remark may be made with regard to the implements usually supplied with rifles, shot-guns, and similar weapons needing careful attention and, from time to time, careful regulating. Though cycles turned out by renowned makers are generally well built, neatly finished, and calculated to withstand wear and tear, in many cases the tools provided with the machines seem to have had comparatively little care bestowed upon them. More than once I have come across screw-wrenches, spanners, and even screw-drivers, made of metal so soft that it crumbled away, as a wag standing by upon one occasion remarked, "like so much cheese." Evidently the actual manufacturers of these tools had "scamped" their work; and upon several occasions I have seen screws themselves and nuts equally badly made of equally bad metal.

The note of the day is "youth," if youth may rightly be so called. We are all in pursuit of youth. Mr. Hardy says so in his masterpiece "The Well-Beloved"; Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, as I have mentioned elsewhere, insinuates as much in his latest production, "The Physician."

A firm of cycle-makers that is rapidly forging ahead—no pun intended—is the British Cycle Manufacturing Company, the inventors and manufacturers of the "Royal Ajax" and "Silver Queen" cycles, which are steadily gaining for themselves a great reputation. The price of the machines is moderate, all the accessories are supplied free of cost, the machines are sent, rail paid, to any part of the United Kingdom, and a free accident insurance of a hundred pounds is provided with every cycle. Furthermore, the makers have adopted an "easy-payment" system that will commend itself to many. The address of the head office is 45, Everton Road, Liverpool.



MR. HENRY ARTHUR JONES.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

IN AND OUT OF DOORS.

Already women are muchly engrossed with the silken subject of Drawing-Room dresses for the three forthcoming functions in May. Many are hoping that her Majesty will take the first, at least, and in any case all three are sure to be very fully attended gatherings, flanked, as they will be, by squadrons of loyal colonials and visitors variously whom the



[Copyright.]

WHITE SATIN CORDED WITH WHITE LISSE EMBROIDERED IN GOLD SHAMROCKS.

Diamond Jubilee will foregather in town. Wise people are already, therefore, in convocation with their dressmakers, as the inevitable rush will come later, when careful finishing may become a secondary consideration to the sartorial *saute qui peut* which such a season as the coming one will undoubtedly produce.

Amongst this year's fashions, over-dresses of lace or embroidered chiffon on satin will be a principal figure in evening-gowns. This Court-gown illustrated is to be worn next month by a newly made bride. The material, a thick white satin, glimmers through very fine Brussels net, on which an elaborate pattern of trefoil, worked in gold thread, gives a beautiful and uncommon effect. Mousseline-de-soie, with silk or silver thread employed in various patterns, is also in high favour, but a rich brocade or satin shows up, of course, much better through Brussels net.

Embroideries are, in fact, more than three-quarters the battle just now, and seem to grow in richness and elaboration apace. A black satin dress, for instance, does not in itself sound astonishingly novel or charming; but black satin as I met it at a big dinner some evenings since, with filigree embroideries of tiny jet paillettes running in wavy lines from foot to waist, and a superbly worked border of vine-leaves trimming edges of skirt and train, while reproduced in lesser size on the bodice, was, by the aid of such ornament, glorified to its last extent and becoming exceedingly. Madame Frédéric, of 15, Lower Grosvenor Place, had made this gown, and a recognisable touch of her talent was shown in the combined border of black silk net and ostrich feather which surrounded the sleeves and décolletage. The artistic touch is no less present in her hats and bonnets than in every gown which leaves her salon, and many are the toques and picture-hats prepared for this present season, each marked with that air of elegance which stamps all her creations.

Most women are, I hope and believe, still "house-proud" in a certain sense, the shriekers and "New" division notwithstanding. Not perhaps in the strictly utilitarian sense of our grandmothers' pastry and pickle-

making days does the up-to-date matron administer her little kingdom; but of our newly revived sense of beauty tokens are not wanting in boudoir or bedroom, while the modern drawing-room has an all-embracing style of ornamentation which, if picturesque in a sense and comfortable, certainly would still shock the mediæval soul of a sixteenth-century craftsman could he visit the glimpses of many lamp-lighted salons and view the astonishing incongruities which later-day taste, or the want of it, countenances. In a delightfully clear but kindly manner these subjects are learnedly handled by Mr. Aldam Heaton, a notable authority, in his recently published book, with its appropriate title "Beauty and Art" (Heinemann). Within these six chapters, indeed, the woman who aspires to something more in her surroundings than frilled sofa-cushions and white enamel, however estimable in themselves, will find, not alone how the false and meretricious is to be avoided, but the really beautiful attained—and this at no extravagant price either, as the lecture on "House-Decoration" easily shows. From his standpoint of art, Mr. Heaton denounces "the degraded times of George IV.," not without reason truly, and, in a well-deserved tirade directed at "the low-priced and highly ornamented" productions of the day, enters an amusing protest against "terrific visions of all kinds and sizes—lamps, coal-boxes, cheap jewellery, pictures and chimney-piece ornaments, easy-chairs—with the thousand-and-one terrors which percolate into our houses." But this is not all. What to avoid in decoration is practically supplemented by what to buy, and, in an invaluable appendix, which deals lucidly with the apparently opposing interests of high art and shallow purses, we have a catechism of domestic decoration which should be learnt and laid to heart by every woman who owns in the smallest degree that precious possession called "home."

Whether inside or outside our houses, artistic ironwork, which mediæval Italy so excelled in producing, now again obtains its always deserved recognition. In the better houses, hall-door panels are often replaced by ironwork, against frosted or muffled glass, with admirable effect, and a singularly effective form of window-decoration has been produced by Mr.

Richard Evens, of 43, Baker Street, in the form of a scroll-pattern bent-iron flower-stand, which greatly improves on the ordinary window-box, and requires far fewer plants, acting at once as an ornamental screen and window-garden combined. According to the number of pots required, the prices of these graceful stands rule. With one, for example, 25s.; with two pots, 32s., and so on. The use of these stands quite glorifies the conventional window or summer fireplace into a thing of artistic worth and beauty. I should like to see many of our dull London squares and streets brightened by their presence.

The Boat-Race, which generally turns out a chilly occasion, is never at any time strong in chiffons. Saturday brought forth a great display of tartan-made garments, though, which were advisedly and very apparently more ornate than the severer styles of coat and vest which have

up to now been considered the distinctive hall-mark of all cloth and tweed. Elaborate braidings, velvet appliqué on both skirt and coat, and richly embroidered vests, on which fur and lace were profusely admixed, separated this year's frocks from older members of the tailor-built family at a glance. A very smart woman, who drove her own pair of roans down to Ranelagh, was completely enveloped in a long coat, quite covering the dress, which had wide bell-sleeves, lined with light-drab satin, a shade

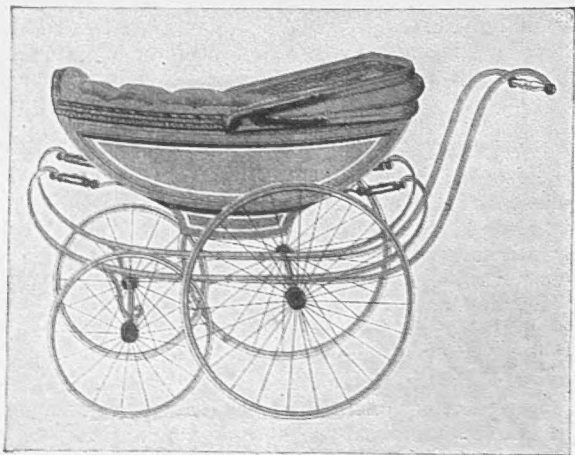


[Copyright.]

SUN-PLEATED DRESS OF GREY STUFF.

lighter than the coat, which was further decorated with large pearl buttons, carved and inlaid with silver. A most smart and sensible overall it undoubtedly was. A very attractive and original dress was also worn by Miss Bulkeley, whose dressmaker had cleverly utilised very lovely old Chinese embroideries on white satin background for vest, revers, cavalier cuffs, and long side-panel, which, made up with a dress of sapphire-blue velvet and tiny borderings of sable, were indescribably effective.

More than ever is this to be a silk season, if one may judge from the already well-developed fashions for early summer, which the dressmakers

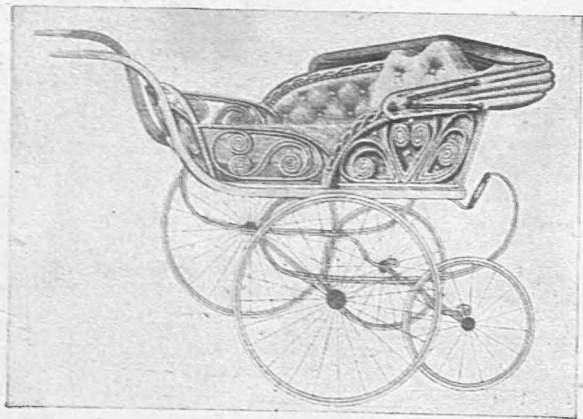


LEVESON'S CANOE CARRIAGE.

have got together for the greater glorification of our exteriors. This year combinations of colour and design seem even more beautiful than last, from the delicate chinés and spotted taffetas to those rich brocades on which bouquets of naturally coloured flowers seem to stand out from the rich fabric of their background.

With the increased extravagance in dress among all classes, it is sometimes surprising to find, however, an almost corresponding neglect of those essentials of the toilette which even in earliest times were looked upon by women as the first essentials of an attractive exterior. Take, for instance, the decadent state of later-day teeth as compared with the lustrous perfection in which ancient Roman, Greek, or Egyptian women preserved these essentials to beauty. And the cause of this falling off and universal invocation of "stopping," "plates," "gold crowns," and other necessary dental evils, is simply neglect, strange as it may seem. Why, even African savages are careful to clean their notoriously white teeth after every meal, yet how many smart women trouble to do this, or even to use a good dentifrice once a-day, which the artificial conditions of our life and manner of living make more necessary than we seem to understand? For this latter none can be more safely recommended than Rowland's well-known Odonto. It preserves both colour and natural conformation by destroying the micro-organisms which attack teeth. As an astringent, and being slightly alkaline, the Odonto is most invaluable, therefore, in preserving one of our most precious possessions. Another hint which women who go out much will find worth remembering is that Rowland's produces perhaps the most perfect lotion for the face yet invented in their widely used Kalydor. Many are the pigments and preparations which have been presented to the public since the first bottle of Kalydor stood on a dressing-table, but its merit has withstood all rivalry, for the scorching effects of tropical sun or the keen-edged east winds of our own treacherous climate are equally set at naught by a preparation which makes soft and spotless the most ill-used complexion.

A season or two since it became a noticeable fact that babies were coming into fashion—that is to say, in the afternoon—for of every three



THE MAIL-CART.

carriages that rolled around the Park on soft C-springs, two, at least, contained a real live baby. People laughed and stared, and, finally, accepted—always the sequence of fashion. Baby became a prominent afternoon fact, however, and that was the main point. I believe the idea came from France, where mammas are chronically ecstatic about

their strictly limited liabilities. In due season, however, our sense of fitness returned, and the mass of lace and fine linen was duly transferred from the victoria or brougham to the bassinette, or, more properly, to the mail-cart, which is the ideal modern conveyance for Miss or Master Baby. Nothing more or less, in fact, than a Stanhope in miniature, where the tiny occupant can as comfortably and safely recline as in ancient and partly superseded perambulator. Special rubber-tired wheels are employed in this dainty carriage, which, being greatly larger than those usually employed for mail-cars, enable it to be always directly level instead of tilting uncomfortably and dangerously backward as before, while poor nurse is, meanwhile, relieved of that perpetual, painful strain on her wrists caused by balancing the superannuated car with two large wheels only. Waterproof hoods for winter, to be replaced by a smart summer awning, are the final touches of perfection to this fairy C-sprung equipage, which can be had smartly "coach-painted" in a dozen new colours, immaculately white or in smart light drab, pale green, blue, or, in fact, like Morland's young Madam, "what you will." Nor must I altogether confine my remarks to the mail-cart, for by the same makers, Messrs. Leveson, of 100, New Oxford Street, and 21, Park Side, S.W., a charming baby-carriage has been invented, which is the canoe-shaped landalette that has already assisted the "bringing-up" of many a well-placed toddler. Herein baby can lie down or sit erect at his own imperious and imperial will. A hood to exclude all draughts is provided for his Highness, not to mention C-springs, soft cushions, and many other carefully considered items, which together tend to the comfort and greater ease of "the well-beloved."

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

NICOTINE (Lewisham).—It is rather a trial having to face the family of our future. One feels a little in the position of being sent round for approval. As to your outfit, the usual home dress, except that you will like to be a little smarter perhaps in the evening. I should take two evening-frocks, one in case of a dinner-party, and the other with long sleeves of lisse or chiffon, and made high with drawn-up lace or lisse, as you are not very robust, and a big country house in this weather is apt to chill a town mouse. (1) Foot and Son's new trunks will be invaluable for taking smart blouses and chiffons variously without being crushed, as they are fitted with sliding drawers, and one's light and perishable things cannot be flattened out of shape by the heavier as constantly happens owing to vicissitudes *en route*. I forget the price, but Foot and Son, 95, New Bond Street, will send you all particulars. (2) Of that you must be the judge, but I always think four days long enough in ordinary circumstances.

CHOTEX, S. K.—(1) How very nice that your sister's birthday happens on the 22nd! She will have a good many appropriate souvenirs this year, no doubt. Instead of working that laborious design, I should send her a dozen bottles of Grossmith's "Victorian Bouquet." All women love scents, and this one is particularly fragrant and delicate. (2) For your smart hat try Madame Argentine, Bond Street. Violets and pansies would go well together, and this year exceeds last in its liberty of form and colour—if that were possible. (3) I should have the old walnut centre-table broken up for firewood; but, if that is too drastic for your feelings, send it to a sale, or, better still, give it away. Nothing so unpardonably ugly should have a footing in any household of taste, least of all in a girl's pretty room. (4) I cannot say that I should discountenance the book, but it is tough reading for one of your age. Walter Scott publishes the English version. (5) Avoid powder while you can, but, when you must, Rowland's "Eukonia" is at least free from the bismuth traceable in most others.

YILDIZ (Portsmouth).—(1) I find that all Turkish embroideries tarnish, as do the cheaper Japanese. It is because of inferior material. Nothing will restore the lustre—I have tried the most expert cleaners in vain. (2) Do not have the evening bodice and skirt of different colours; it is a departed fashion. Consult Madame Humble, of Conduit Street. She has excellent taste. (3) I am sure you will like Malta. Plenty going on which amuses women, but men love it less. No sport, and the climate falls somewhat short of Eden. (4) You will find the *Lady's Pictorial* and the *Queen* a better choice. They are the best ladies' papers. (5) I should take out one of Heal's brass ceiling-rings. You can get it fixed quite easily; then draw pongee or muslin curtains over it.

SYBIL.

The new chain and badge of office for the Mayor of Shaftesbury, which the Goldsmiths' and Silversmiths' Company, of Regent Street, have made, is very beautiful. The chain is composed of sixteen elegantly chased eighteen-carat gold links, each link bearing a Norman shield surmounted by a mural crown, upon which will be engraved the names of successive mayors. Fleur-de-lis, the crest of the borough, and heraldic lions' heads form the connections between the links. The centre link bears the arms of the noble family taking its title from Shaftesbury, supporters in enamel, the motto "Love—Serve," and the name of the present Mayor, "W. T. Carpenter, Esq." and at each side the letter "S." The pendant badge is a very beautiful design in scroll-work, bearing in the centre the borough arms in enamel, and above them an antique helmet surmounted by a crest and surrounded with mantelling. At each side and below the arms are beautifully painted enamel views of the Park, the old Roman wall, and St. Peter's Church. The decoration of the badge is completed by models of the two ancient maces of the borough crossed behind the arms, and entwined oak-leaves and acorns.



CITY NOTES.

The Settlement begins to-day (April 7), and the next one April 26.

MONEY MARKET.

No alteration was made by the directors of the Bank of England last week in the minimum rate of discount, which, therefore, remains at 3 per cent. The weekly return shows a reduction of £703,280 in bullion, notwithstanding the fact of £261,000 having been received from abroad, and an expansion of £1,055,500 in the note circulation. This has the effect, therefore, of lowering the reserve by £1,758,780, its proportion to current liabilities being reduced by $2\frac{3}{4}$ to $52\frac{3}{8}$ per cent. Public deposits are diminished by £989,000, while private deposits are £470,000 higher, this being partly attributable to an increase of £1,232,000 in the "other" securities. Since the weekly return was made up, some millions have been realised in dividends; and £1,000,000 of Treasury Bills were paid off to-day.

THE TURN OF THE QUARTER.

The stagnation has lasted so long that people have ceased to look with much hope for any improvement, and yet, looking back a few months hence, on the turn of the first quarter of the new year, it is probable that

they will wonder at their own blindness in not having perceived the hopeful signs all round them. Money continues cheap and abundant, with the prospect of its becoming more cheap and abundant. The manufacturers of England—thanks to the open weather and the anticipations of Mr. McKinley's tariff—have made such enormous profits this winter that many of them will be seeking investments as soon as they have time to take breath, and many more will come to London for the Diamond Jubilee festivities, and, being in London, will speculate in a few stocks. The proposed resumption by the Argentine of the full service of her national debts, to which we refer below, is almost sure to awaken widespread speculation



MR. J. PERCY FITZPATRICK.

Photo by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street, W.

on all the Bourses of the world in the stocks and shares of that much-favoured country, whose immense natural wealth defies even the follies of her rulers.

It were tedious to enumerate all the hopeful signs of approaching activity, but—why is there always a but?—"over all . . . the gloom of imminent war . . . drew like eclipse, darkening the world." This is the one great cause that paralyses all activity. Will there be war? That is the question. The Powers—the Great Powers—after a distressing exhibition of feeble irresolution, have, they say, finally determined to blockade Greece, and Greece, after an equally distressing exhibition of gratitude à la M. la Rochefoucauld—that is, "a lively expectation of benefits to be received"—has, she says, finally determined, the moment the blockade begins, to declare war.

The spectacle is comforting, from one point of view. It shows once more what a very small proportion of the intellect of humanity is required to run the Governments of the world, and what a large proportion is therefore still available for conducting *Sketch* and the other useful occupations of mankind.

We think, however, there will not be war. Turkey and Greece may formally or informally thump each other to a reasonable extent, but each of the Great Humbugs—we beg pardon, each of the Great Powers—knows too well the holes in his own saucenpan to be very anxious to go in for a big hot-pot competition with his neighbours. Still, there is risk; there always is risk when everyone is serving out ball-cartridges.

THE ARGENTINE COUP DE THÉÂTRE.

The elaborate suddenness with which Messrs. Rothschild and the Argentine Government brought off their *feu de joie* added—as it was intended to add—immensely to its effect as a pyrotechnic display; but we think the wise men who detect in the manœuvre the guiding hand of the great financial house miss the point when they say, "Oh, it is a mere move of Rothschild's; we would rather sell than buy." If we can satisfy ourselves beyond reasonable doubt that it is a move of Rothschild's, we shall buy with both hands. In spite of the locusts and the other vermin, both in and out of office, the Argentine is forging ahead. The

Buenos Ayres Great Southern Railway Company alone is constructing 546 miles of railway in addition to the 1403 miles it now operates, and these additional lines will probably be finished this year, and next year it is practically certain that Dr. Peña will retire, and that a well-known strong man will for the third time accept the Presidency of the Republic. If then, seeing these things, and the predominant military position—as regards Chili—which the Argentine will occupy when the strategic railway to Neuquén is completed, the house of Rothschild determine to show the world that they can succeed where Barings failed, then our readers may make up their minds that the National Bonds will all go to par, and over par, in a comparatively short time, and the best of the Railway issues will rise almost as quickly; but surely Buenos Ayres Great Southern, which rose 1 to-day, to 136, are high enough already.

OUR AFRICAN LETTER.

We are this week able to give an interesting letter from our African correspondent on the Lydenburg Goldfields, which we hope will be of service to those of our readers who happen to be investors in the various companies which have been floated here for the purpose of developing properties on these fields.

LYDENBURG GOLDFIELDS.

The Lydenburg Fields, which came so prominently before the public in 1895, are still the scene of a good deal of preliminary work, and fully half-a-dozen important companies, well known to the home investor, are to-day carrying on operations. This is really the oldest goldfield in the Transvaal, and the first battery erected in the country is to be seen at Brown's Hill. The entire district is extremely mountainous, the strata sloping from east to west. As regards the formation, the lowest exposed rocks are the Lower Sandstones; above them come the Dolomite Limestones, then the Shales, and above them the Upper Sandstones. An important point for the investor to make a note of is that all the gold, so far, has been found in the Dolomite Limestones. It is to little purpose to hear that a particular company owns thousands of acres in the Lydenburg district, if the ground does not carry the gold-bearing dolomites. This point affords a simple and practical test for discovering whether certain farms in the district are valuable.

In the Witwatersrand the gold is found in the cement connecting the pebbles of an old sea or lake, while in the Lydenburg district it occurs only in channels or quartz in the dolomite. The quartz, as a rule, is of a brownish colour, and somewhat rotten, owing to the decomposition of the pyrites. These channels of quartz are approximately horizontal, and the ore is obtained by driving levels from the outcrop into the hills. Alluvial has been found in the district in considerable quantities, washed down by the rivers from the deposits in the hills.

Much the biggest concern in the district is the Transvaal Gold-Mining Estates, Limited, with a capital of £640,000. The property of this enormous corporation comprises the perpetual concession of eight gold farms, the freehold of fifteen more, mining rights of an additional three, part ownership in six others, as well as the possession of 1061 mining claims, of which 989 are held under licence, and seventy-two under lease contract. This huge holding has been carefully selected by the most competent experts, and much of it has already been proved valuable, including the mines acquired from the Transvaal Gold, Land, and Exploration, the New Clewer and Jubilee Companies. Considering the exceptional difficulties of labour, transport, &c., the company has been doing good work of late, but necessarily in these adverse times it has not been found possible to attack more than a comparatively small portion of the vast property. Operations have been confined practically to the farms Ponies-Kranz and Morgenzon. At the end of the last fiscal year there were in sight 160,000 tons of ore of high grade, and this amount has been considerably increased since then. A new central battery of 60 stamps is in course of erection, and will start crushing about June. The three old mills on the property have been shut down, and the new battery, which will be driven by electricity, as, indeed, the entire plant will be—the power being taken from the River Blyde—is expected to show excellent results. The ore will be trammed to the central mill from different parts of the property by means of electricity.

The value of the ore on the property being beyond question, and the permanence of the quartz channels being established, the profitable working of this company, as of so many companies in the Transvaal, depends upon the rate of costs. In the Witwatersrand it has come to be accepted as an axiom that costs must be brought below twenty shillings per ton if the majority of the mines are ever to pay dividends. A higher rate may be compatible with substantial profits in the Lydenburg district, the ore being of greater value. In this district there are both advantages and disadvantages as compared with the Rand, and it is difficult to estimate what the net result will be. There will be some exact data to go upon when a big concern like this begins to crush, and the experience gained from the example of this company will be applicable, within certain limits, to such other Lydenburg companies as will ever seriously attempt to crush. An important matter for this district is the abundance of water-power to be obtained from the streams and rivers. In the next place, native labour is considerably cheaper than on the Rand. On the other hand, transport is tedious and expensive, the nearest point of the Delagoa Bay Railway being fifty miles away. A branch line to the district has been talked of for a long time, and it will come some day, when the slow-going, reactionary Boer can be made to understand that railways are an advantage to his country, even although they supplant his ox-wagon and help on the influx of Uitlanders.

Glynn's Lydenburg, Limited, a smaller but very rich property, will begin to crush with 10 stamps in April, and the battery will shortly afterwards be increased to 20 stamps. Up to July last the company had developed 78,281 tons, at the very low cost of £5178, and the average assay-value for 434 samples is 38 dwt. per ton. This is a marvellously high average, as Transvaal mines go. Since then an additional quantity of ore has been exposed, and the grade still keeps up to the same high standard. With 10 stamps this company ought to crush 1000 tons per month, and, allowing a fair rate for costs, the profit ought not to be less than £2000 monthly. With 20 stamps running this rate of profit will be more than doubled. It is extremely probable that, when the mill begins to run, the favourable crushings will once more direct attention to Lydenburg.

The Grootfontein Exploration Company has been prospecting by means of bore-holes, but no very brilliant results have yet been obtained. The Goldfields of Lydenburg, Limited, a Barnato company, came out with a great flourish of trumpets during the 1895 boom, but the company has yet done nothing to speak of. Other Lydenburg concerns are the Lydenburg Estates, Limited, the Spitzkop Mining and Estate Company, and the Lydenburg Gold Farms. The last-named is at present confining its operations to a bore-hole on the farm Vlakfontein, Nigel district.

Mr. J. Percy Fitzpatrick, whose portrait we give, sits on the Boards of the Eckstein-Wernher-Beit Lydenburg and other companies. Mr. Fitzpatrick, who

is a son of the late Judge Fitzpatrick, of the Cape Colony, arrived on the Lydenburg Fields early in the 'eighties, and since then he has been prominently associated with gold-mining in other districts—Barberton, Mashonaland, and the Rand. Mr. Fitzpatrick is deservedly popular on the Rand, being known as an honourable, cultured gentleman of great business capacity and force of character.

BURNETT AND HESS.

We heartily congratulate Mr. Henry Hess, the plucky proprietor and editor of the *African Critic*, on another notable victory in his campaign against the financial methods of gentlemen like Mr. James Burnett.

RAILWAY TRAFFICS.

Up to the present there is nothing very startling in the traffic receipts of the Home Railways as recorded from week to week. They are satisfactory enough, it is true; but not so good as to give ground for surprise that the market is lacking in enthusiasm. We are not among those who attach overmuch importance to such returns, which, after all, do not purport to be anything more than estimates, and which, in point of fact, are at the best very clumsy estimates. Still, they are of interest as indicating whether things are going well or ill, and in the present case they seem to be going fairly well. But an increase of £9700 on the Brighton traffic in thirteen weeks is not much to brag about in view of the weather, which, though far from being ideal, has been better than the average in this country, which does not possess a climate, but "only samples."

THE GRAND TRUNK STATEMENT.

Once upon a time—but it was long ago—the revenue statement of the Grand Trunk Railway used to be awaited with intense interest and criticised with keenness. But *nous avons changé tout cela*. Nowadays nobody cares very much about it, but the habit of treating its publication as an event is slow to die, and the remnants of Grand Trunk speculation are still discoverable by the careful student. The company's operations are now conducted by competent business men, who are labouring to get it out of the mess into which its finances had got, with a perilous approach to a Receivership. They are doing their work unobtrusively, but, if we may judge from such a return as that for February, they are doing it well. There is an all-round increase of net profit from the beginning of the year, and this is largely due to economies in expenditure, the necessity for which was in vain urged for years and years upon the old administration.

BANK OF AUSTRALASIA.

Although the chairman at the meeting of this bank held last week had nothing of a cheerful nature to report concerning the operations for the past half-year, he looks forward hopefully to an expansion of business in the future. He does not desire to see any sudden change, preferring rather a gradual process of building up. We do not think that the present outlook is such as need cause the chairman much anxiety as to any too rapid improvement taking place. It is satisfactory that there is a movement, however slow, in the right direction; but the storm-clouds have not yet dispersed, and the banks concerned in the rate-cutting war in exchange are adopting a very peculiar way of working towards that restoration of confidence which they profess to so strenuously desire.

THE CYCLE COMPANY CRAZE.

Osmonds, Limited, strikes us as a particularly wonderful specimen of the kind of cycle companies which are coming forward in shoals to take advantage of the cycling craze, just as hotels are being boomed by the astute company-promoter in view of the likelihood of a busy and remunerative season on account of the Queen's Diamond Jubilee. The Osmond Cycle Company, Limited, was formed in June 1896, with a capital of £70,000, and now the business is to be sold for £177,000 in cash and shares! Truly a wonderful achievement in such a short time! We shall soon have enough cycle companies to provide everybody in the United Kingdom with two or three bicycles per annum.

DARLING!

We hesitate to say anything derogatory regarding the Darling Range Land and Mineral Company, for is it not on record in the prospectus that one of the directors is "late Private Secretary to Sir Frederick Weld, late Governor of Western Australia"? That ought to carry conviction by itself, without the additional information that this gentleman, who was once the private secretary to a gentleman who was once the Governor of a British Colony, is now the chairman of a brewery company in Manchester. The company cannot be charged with neglect in retaining the services of stockbrokers. The prospectus names firms acting for the company in that capacity in London, Liverpool, Glasgow, Manchester, Leeds, Edinburgh, Newcastle-on-Tyne, Cardiff, and Southport. There is no mention of Margate, Dorking, Yarmouth, or Little Pedlington. Perhaps the Stock Exchanges there are not of sufficient importance. The property, on the authority of a well-known geologist, contains "many metalliferous minerals," and is "intersected by a macadamised road." What more could any reasonable investor want?

NEW ISSUES.

The Pneumatic Tube Machine Company, Limited, with a share-capital of £300,000, proposes to spend no less than £230,000 on a mere British patent for a

machine to make pneumatic tubes, hose-pipes, &c. Those who feel tempted to apply for shares in this company should at once consult a specialist in brain-disease.

E. K. and H. Fordham, Limited, with a share-capital of £100,000, offers, at 102, £85,000 4 per cent. debenture stock, which seems well secured; but the concern is not large enough to afford a free market for this debenture stock, and, in fact, we greatly doubt whether it will get a Stock Exchange quotation at all.

Homocea, Limited, with a capital of a quarter of a million, has been formed to purchase for £185,000 a well-known proprietary article which "touches the spot." Of course, there are practically no solid assets, but, according to the accountants' certificate, the concern is earning nearly £20,000 a-year.

India-Rubber (Mexico), Limited, with a share-capital of £406,000 and £200,000 7 per cent. debentures, is to give £556,000 for an india-rubber plantation near Oaxaca, Mexico. The artificial cultivation of india-rubber trees is likely to be a profitable business in the future, but hardly sufficiently profitable for companies that begin business by paying more than half a million for their plantation.

The Lowther Hematite Iron and Steel Company, Limited.—Capital £60,000, half in 6 per cent. prefs. and half in ordinaries. Formed to purchase ironworks at Workington, Cumberland. We should not care to put our own money into it.

Saturday, April 3, 1897.

FINANCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Correspondents must observe the following rules—

(1) All letters on Financial subjects must be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, Granville House, Arundel Street, Strand, and must reach the Office not later than Friday in each week for answer in the following issue.

(2) Correspondents must send their name and address as a guarantee of good faith, and adopt a non-de-guerre under which the desired answer may be published. Should no non-de-guerre be used, the answer will appear under the initials of the inquirer.

(3) Every effort will be made to obtain the information necessary to answer the various questions; but the proprietors of this paper will not be responsible for the accuracy or correctness of the reply, or for the financial result to correspondents who act upon any answer which may be given to their inquiries.

(4) Every effort will be made to reply to correspondence in the issue of the paper following its receipt, but in cases where inquiries have to be made the answer will appear as soon as the necessary information is obtained.

(5) All correspondents must understand that if gratuitous answers and advice are desired the replies can only be given through our columns. If an answer by medium of a private letter is asked for, a postal order for five shillings must be enclosed, together with a stamped and directed envelope to carry the reply.

(6) Letters involving matters of law, such as shareholders' rights, or the possibility of recovering money invested in fraudulent or dishonest companies, should be accompanied by the fullest statement of the facts and copies of the documents necessary for forming an accurate opinion, and must contain a postal order for five shillings, to cover the charge for legal assistance in framing the answer.

(7) No anonymous letters will receive attention, and we cannot allow the "Answers to Correspondents" to be made use of as an advertising medium. Questions involving elaborate investigations, disputed valuations, or intricate matters of account cannot be considered.

(8) Under no circumstances can telegrams be sent to correspondents.

Unless correspondents observe these rules, their letters will receive no attention.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

SORROW SUBSCRIBER.—The value of mining securities is necessarily speculative, and, when their value is affected by political considerations, it is still more difficult to advise with certainty; but if we possessed the list of securities which you send us, we should sell No. 1 and keep the rest for the present.

E. D.—(a) The company is not known in this market, and we should think it would be easier to buy shares than to sell them. (b) We are inclined to advise you to put no more money into this concern; but why do you not send us the report of the Committee of Investigation? The circular which you sent, and which we have returned, gives very scanty information.

G. R.—The shares you suggest are rather too speculative for small investors. We think a few 5 per cent. preference shares in the *Lady's Pictorial* and *Sporting and Dramatic News* or the Five per Cent. Unified Stock of the Industrial and General Trust would be safer.

J. D. B.—We cannot recommend the shares. The company may continue able to pay dividends on them, but the balance-sheet is not attractive, is it? They have let their customers run into their debt to the extent of almost £30,000—one-fourth of their capital. Their "reserve for bad debts, &c."—what does " &c." mean?—is only £481 5s. 1d., and the depreciation written off over £87,000 of "plant, machinery, fixtures, trade utensils, horses, carts, &c." is only £15 7s. 8d.

SOMERSET.—(1) Do not touch them. (2) Yes. (3) A speculation, but, at present prices, attractive.

A. B. C.—Yes, but the broker is reasonably entitled to be satisfied that you have the means to buy the shares back in the market (if you should not get an allotment), even though they should be "rigged" up to a very high price.

S. J. C.—The Mining Market is in a queer state. On the whole, we advise you not to buy the shares you ask about. For the rest, we are rather inclined to advise you to sell No. 1, and keep the others for the present. One or two of the others might easily run up to a price at which you could sell at a profit.

JUSTICE.—(1) No, too risky. Any day a rival light may come out that will injure them. (2) Write and ask Mr. Henry Hess, of the *African Critic*, 172, Leadenhall Street.

A. F. H.—(1) A mere gamble, like backing an outsider for the Derby; but the present price is so low that the risk is small, and a lucky "hit" might double the market-price. (2) We are inclined to think the chances are against this concern. It looks as if it would have a good deal of competition to contend with, and the capital, £650,000, is large—too large.

VERITAS.—A great deal has happened since "fourteen months ago." The reefs, on further development, prove to be a good deal broken and disturbed, and until they get into more "settled country" the working of the mine must be expensive and unsatisfactory.

ALEC.—(1) They have a big property left (say 464 acres), in which there may be a great deal of gold; but we understand they have not found much yet—in fact, that their prospecting up to the present, or at least, up to a short time ago, had been very disappointing—surprisingly disappointing.

Mr. J. C. Partridge, of the firm of Messrs. Powell, Turner, and Co., Limited, King Street, St. James's, has been appointed one of the valuers of the wine stock of the late Mr. D. Nicols, of the Café Royal.